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CHRISTIAN MEN

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The New Bible School Editor

His mother named him Pearl. But that was before he was born. She didn't know that the unborn was to be Welshimer the Great—tall-brained, strong-boned, Napoleon of Bible School Organization and born leader of men in Christian service; but that is what he has come to be—P. H. Welshimer, of Canton, Ohio. Men used to go to Canton to see the President. Now they go to see the King. And that great Bible School, the largest among our people and the largest among any people in the State of Ohio. The writer was there recently. Nobody knew he was coming, not even himself, but there was the Bible School just the same, eleven hundred and four on a hot Sunday morning in August when the thermometer was soaring and the vacation bug was boring and the Sunday sleeper snoring, there they were; on the job; every department going at full pressure,

P. H. WELSHIMER, CANTON OHIO

main school and intermediate, primary and kindergarten; classes in the doorway, on the stairs, outside under the trees, up under the eaves, down in the cellar, hanging out the windows, clinging to the roofs, and coming down the chimneys, in the office and on the rostrum, in the organ loft and in the tonneau of the big red touring-car hitched at the curb in front.

But lest the imagination kindle and begin to overleap the facts, let me pause. There were classes everywhere, and this Sunday-school wasn't a mob. It wasn't an accident nor a crazy patch-work of white bearded old men, sun-bonneted women and pinafored little boys. It was an organization. It was an army, trained to the moment, drilled to the hour, all engaged in studying the Bible. A cloud of messengers, officers and aides-de-camp were flying everywhere, and yet without confusion. No one beat the air uncertainly. Every department of the school seemed connected by wireless with the brain of that tall young man with light hair and a pleasant face, with an earnest, sympathetic voice, yet in the tones of which there was more than a suspicion of absolute command, both of himself and others. The tall young man was P. H. Welshimer, too big, too ruggedly masculine to give him the daintily feminine name of Pearl which his mother had intended, but Welshimer is a gem for all that, bright and radiant; and besides, he is to become a star in the crown of CHRISTIAN MEN.

As foreshadowed last month, CHRISTIAN MEN was to have for writer of its Bible School lessons, one of the most eminent specialists among us. The name to him is P. H. Welshimer, who becomes with this issue the Bible School editor of CHRISTIAN MEN. From now on the magazine will be mailed regularly on the 25th of the month preceding, and will carry a Bible School lesson for every Lord's Day in the month. These Bible School lessons will present the text from the American Standard Revised Bible and the comment will be written by P. H. Welshimer, and by the way, that's another thing about the man. He can write. He is a student of the Bible. He is a genius in organization. Beyond this he is a keen, practical man of the world. He knows men and the matter of them, the complexion of their souls and the fashion of their feeling. He will write the Bible School lessons for *men*, not for sissies nor for mollycoddles, but for red-blooded, strong-souled men.

And then, in addition, with each lesson will be provided a few sensible and profitable questions for consideration, which will be numbered and thus allow for the conduct of a class on the popular "Discussion Method" so much enjoyed by many. The first lessons will be found on the last pages of this magazine.

Mr. Welshimer's work, however, as Bible School editor, will not confine itself to the mere preparation of the lesson. He will also advise in the assembling of the large amount of Bible School matter that will from time to time appear in CHRISTIAN MEN. In all of this we shall have the advantage of his ripe judgment and keen critical powers. In other words, he is to henceforth stand as a leader in Brotherhood Bible School work and through the pages of CHRISTIAN MEN will exercise a direct influence in this field. Welshimer the Great! 'Rah for Welshimer!

Brotherhood Programs for September

We suggest that in casting about for subjects for programs for September Brotherhood meetings the widest possible use be made of the Centennial theme so much in all our minds just now. At least two interesting September meetings could be arranged on that subject. How would this do for one? A debate. "Resolved, That Thomas Campbell was a more important factor in the restoration movement than Alexander Campbell."

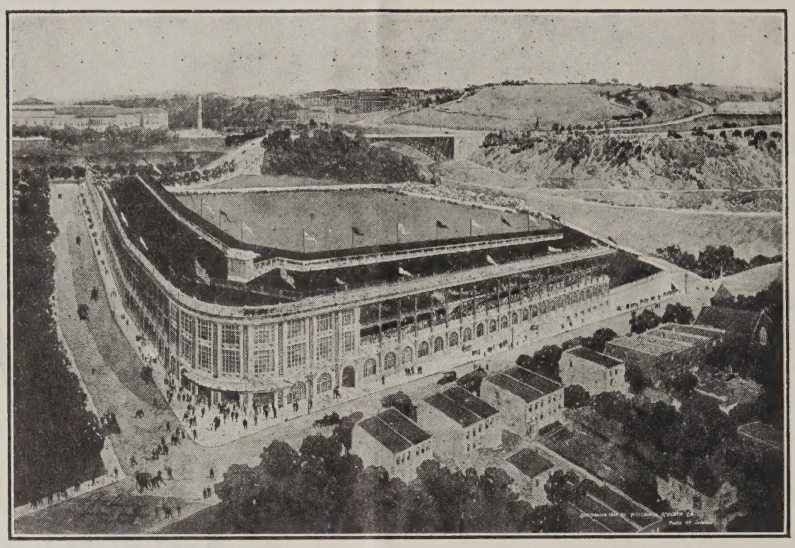
Another would be, "Resolved, That Barton W. Stone was a more important factor in the reformation movement than Walter Scott."

Both of these questions are open to debate. Both would involve fruitful study and be vastly instructive to those who heard. Our Centennial programs could be built on a different basis. Have four ten-minute papers on each of these men—or have as many papers on the principles of the reformation, or on its historical development, beginning with the coming of the Campbells to America. An immensely interesting subject this would be. Other questions are: "What we stood for in 1809, and what our message should be in 1909."

Still another method of making a Centennial program would be to write one or two of our ministers from outside points to make addresses on Centennial themes. As to material for study, see back files of any of our church papers, Richardson's Memoirs of Alexander Campbell—or consult your pastor, who will help you to all necessary material.

Brotherhood Day at Pittsburgh

Good Morning! Have you used—ah!—ah!—Are you going to Pittsburgh? Of course. And when you get there, are you going to attend the Brotherhood Convention? Most assuredly, unless you want to miss one of the most remarkable features of the most remarkable religious gathering in modern times. It is uncertain yet where the Brotherhood sessions will be held, because nobody knows whether or not the "Pirates" are going to win the pennant. If they do, there will probably be ball games in the colliseum called Forbes Field in the daytime. If this should be, why the daytime session of the Brotherhood on the afternoon of October 12th will be held in Duquesne



CENTENNIAL AMPHITHEATRE

Gardens. This auditorium will seat six or eight thousand men where they can plainly hear the able speakers who are to address the Brotherhood convention. The night session will be held in the great colliseum or base-ball park. Here is a vast roofed-over amphitheatre with the seats rising tier upon tier. Large sound-proof curtains will be lowered to convert the central angle into an immense auditorium. A platform will be erected sixty feet back of where the umpire stands, just in front say, of the press boxes and here a speaker with ease can talk straight into the hearts of ten thousand men.

No Women

Women cannot attend these sessions. These are for men. Think what it would mean to see ten thousand Christian men together in one place at one time under the spell of the Spirit of God. It would be monumental, colossal, Pentecostal. The writer heard four thousand men at Toronto, great deep-throated sons of the North, booming out in rich, rythmic cadences the martial measures of the Lord's Prayer. Think of hearing ten thousand men, our men, your brothers, God's sons, thus pray, and of you being there, you a single, central cell in that vast assembly of personality cells, your one small soul seeming perhaps to lose itself in the mighty mass of masculinity and yet still your own, still capable of giving and receiving impressions, a single silvery cord upon which the vast assembly would play note by note, color by color and tone by tone all the trills and thrills, all the soft and sympathetic whisperings, all the grander harmonies all the booming majors and the breathing minors, the rich complexities, the sweet simplicities and the throbbing, pulsing chorus of rarely blended human and divine emotions that will sweep like alternating summer storms and rifts of sunshine over the heads of ten thousand men, beating out the measure of the march of the Spirit of God through the hearts of individuals keyed to the highest pitch of receptive faith by the melting melodies of this vast symphony of souls. Yes, the God of Pentecost and of the Brush Run Church will be there.

A Symphony of Souls

The afternoon session will begin at 1:30. Great leaders of song and the Third Regiment Band of Kansas City will conduct the opening musical service. At 1:15, President Long will deliver his address. At two o'clock will come that of General Secretary Macfarlane. This will be followed by the Business Men's session. It is not certain at the moment, who will make the opening address at this session, but he will be one of our representative business men. This will be followed by the introduction to the audience of a number of great business and professional men in our Brotherhood, such men as Senator Oliver and Ex-Congressman Phillips, of Pennsylvania; Congressman Champ Clark, of Missouri; Marshall T. Reeves, of Indiana; Robert H. Stockton, of Missouri; Charles C. Chapman, of California; George F. Rand, of New York, and others. These men will each make brief remarks expressing the sentiment of their hearts at the moment. As they rise to respond after being introduced, the hand-clapping welcome of the vast convention and a stirring bar of music from the band will greet them. Oh, there will be enthusiasm there. The thrills will be there—will you? One hour has been allowed upon the program for this. We have not the slightest doubt but that it will be one of the most striking events in the history of our Brotherhood movement.

Business Men's Session

Following this come three great Convention addresses by men whose names and work in connection with the themes to which they shall speak are a guaranty of their ability to match the level of the occasion. The time allowed for these addresses is fifteen minutes each. Thomas W. Grafton, of Anderson, Ind., will speak on "The Man in the Boy;" W. F. Richardson, of Kansas City, on "The Man in the Church;" and Walter S. Goode, of Youngstown, Ohio, on "The Church Man in the World." This last address will aim to go up with the man from the vision of his duty on the plains of service to the mountain top of the vision of God. Let every one pray that he who leads our thoughts and we who follow may go to that mountain top in such a spirit that the cloud from Heaven will descend and envelop it, and smoke and thunderings and the lightning flash of revealed power will bespeak the presence of Omnipotence.

A Smoking Mountain

With this the afternoon session will adjourn at about 4:15 o'clock.

The evening session convenes at 7:30 with a great concert and song service. At eight o'clock, President W. H. P. Faunce, of Brown University, will speak on education. At 8:30, Stephen J. Corey, of Cincinnati, will voice "The Appeal of the World to the Brotherhood Man." While at nine o'clock some great representative of our religious neighbors will address himself to the thought of "The Aroused manhood of the Church of Christ in America." At about 9:30 in the evening, this Convention will adjourn.

Plans are not yet matured, but it is possible that the men on adjournment will form a line of march conducted by the Third Regiment Band and others to the centre of the city where three or four separate evangelistic open-air meetings will be held with sermons from some of the greatest of our evangelists. What could be more thrilling? What more characteristic of the dominant march of King Jesus through the hearts of men than would be the tramp of thousands of stalwart

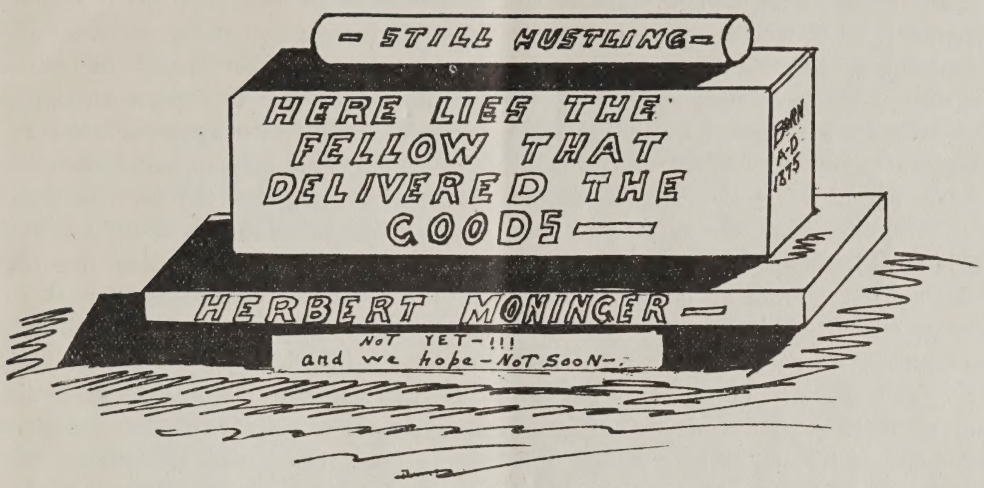
A Midnight March

Christian soldiers gathered from the tented camps of a thousand American battle fields, in the still watches of the night, under the stars, over the ringing cobbles, to the very edge of the shadows of a great city where lurk the spirits of wrong and injustice, of misery and suffering, of want and woe and sin, where it needs no imaginative ear to catch the sounds of weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth; there to stand; there to plant the banner of the cross; there to sing the songs of Zion while the stalwart voices of men who are not ashamed of the Gospel call the sinner to repentance and the suffering to peace and joy, the prodigals to their fathers, the Magdalens to their mothers, and all to the goodness and the graciousness of a life that is hid with Christ in God!

Did You Club Those Fellows? If Not, Do So At Once!

THE fall is here. Hundreds of ministers are getting up clubs of subscribers for CHRISTIAN MEN. We repeat, *the fall is here*, gentlemen, let us begin immediately. CHRISTIAN MEN will be mailed on the 25th of each month hereafter. This is made imperative by the printing of the Bible lessons. By the way--have you read to your fellows our "Stop—Look—Listen" offer of August 5th? If you haven't seen it, a postal with your name on it will bring it by return mail.

Herbert Moninger—Prince of Teacher Trainers



MONINGER'S TOMBSTONE AS DESIGNED BY HIMSELF

The man who delivers the goods. Most people can remember a time when we had never heard anything about Herbert Moninger, and yet it seems strange that today nobody among the Disciples of Christ, at least, is able to speak, think, do or dream Bible school work without the name of Moninger, and happy, indeed, those Bible school workers who have seen him face to face, or perhaps worked with him through the sessions of a convention and caught the charm and grace of his rarely effective personality. These are Centennial days. Like the crest of mighty succeeding billows, movement after movement, is rolling in upon the sands of today. Among these movements, in power and significance, the Teacher Training Movement stands easily first. Our people have done some wonderful work in the past one hundred years, but it is probably conservative to say that nothing ever swept over our people with the suddenness and thoroughness of the Teacher Training Movement. First, it was talked a little; then it was talked a lot, and almost before anyone knew it it was up and going like a prairie fire, everywhere—State after State, and Church after Church, wheeled into line, until within three years there have been more than 160,000 students enrolled in teacher training classes. This remarkable movement placed us suddenly in a position of leadership among the religious bodies of this country, so far as training for Bible school work was concerned, and the leader of our movement and the creator of our leadership was Herbert Moninger.

Back of all this enthusiasm, back of all this earnest study, back of all this devoted purpose to know the Book of Books and to be able to tell the story of the Gospel as it is in Christ Jesus alone, was the personality of a man, and a very young man at that. Herbert Moninger is but thirty-three years old, and yet has done already the work of a lifetime. He is not only young in years, but young in appearance. It would be almost as easy to believe from looking at him first that Herbert was a good, little boy, who

had just kissed his mamma good-bye and started round the corner to the Sunday-School with a penny in his pocket for collection (all he lacks is the pinafore), as to believe that this modest young man with the burning light in his eyes is the great leader of the Sunday-School hosts, of one of the greatest religious communions in the United States, but once let him step upon the platform, once hear that rapid utterance of his, addressing itself to the Bible School problem, and all questions as to who or what he is is forgotten. He has been alluded to as a young man of rare grace and charm. This is true enough and to these are added an unfeigned simplicity and a steady play of the fires of enthusiasm that kindles every student and carries every hearer with him. He does not rant; he does not resort to gymnastics or vocal pyrotechnics; there are no tricks; he is just himself. The sunny disposition of a boy, the keenly trained mind of a student, the tact and caution of a diplomat, the resourcefulness of a master of assemblies, the grip and pluck and fine fibered soul of a thoroughbred; these are what Moninger has to aid him in his work. It has fallen to the lot of but few men to do so much so quickly and to find themselves so suddenly recognized and admitted to a place of eminence in a difficult field.

What are the secrets of his power? First of all, he is not an accident. He was born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, on the soil of the reformation. He was educated at Bethany College, where he graduated in 1898. From there on for years, and even now, the history of his life is the history of a man with a thirst for education and information. Many men would be satisfied with a diploma from Bethany College, but Moninger was not. He went next to West Virginia State University, where he received an A. M. in philosophy in 1899. From there he went to the University of Indianapolis, where he spent a year. Let us interrupt the story to ask if it were possible that one so richly endowed personally to stir the hearts of others should not be able to experience similar stirrings on his own account? No, and the studious young man had found time between pouring over lettered lines and the burning of midnight oil to look deep into soft eyes and stroll where the light of the moon was entirely sufficient for all present purposes. Hence, in the midst of his first year at Yale came his marriage to Miss Cooper, also a graduate of Bethany, the ceremony being performed on Christmas day, 1900. In his rare moments, when he will talk about himself, he boasts that Mrs. Moninger should receive the largest share of the credit that is due for "our" work, as he terms it. To a loving mother also, who lived until 1904, long enough to see the sun of brightest promise playing along the pathway of her boy, he is anxious to ascribe much of the glory.

But matriculation in the school of matrimony did not check his thirst for the waters that flow from academic fountains. From the University of Indiana he went to Yale, where in 1901 he received the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, specializing in Semitics. While in school at Yale, Mr. Moninger did some tutoring in Hebrew, and also received the degree of A. B. from Bethany with honors. The grades at Bethany for the entire four years were 96 plus. Isn't there some explanation here of the unerring precision with which in present years Moninger goes on in doing the very things he undertakes to do? He has equipped himself for the work. He knows and knows he knows. Yet, with all, there is humility before

the great problems which our Bible School work presents, and it is not in the spirit of cocksureness, but with carefully planned footsteps that he presses forward.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE?

It was as pastor at Steubenville that Herbert Moninger first burst on the Brotherhood at large. In four years' time six hundred members were added to the church, part of them as the result of an evangelistic meeting conducted by the minister himself, with two hundred and eleven additions. During the pastorate at Steubenville there was also a meeting at North Tonawanda, N. Y., with one hundred and eleven additions, and another at Iowa City, Iowa, with one hundred additions, but it was in the work done in the Sunday-School at Steubenville that Moninger wrote his name upon the clouds. Not that it was a flamboyant piece of work, but here he first struck the note which has been sounding ever since. *He did the thing.* The Steubenville minister sent a vital thrill through our whole Brotherhood, not by the things that he promised or proposed, but *by the things that he did.* By the year 1905, people all over our Brotherhood were talking about Moninger's Bible School. In the place to which he had been called, not a whit more auspiciously circumstanced than scores of other churches in our Brotherhood, this young man of enthusiasm and genius and preparation and remarkable capacity for organization made a great Bible School. Not in a city like Philadelphia, but in a small manufacturing town in Ohio, and then came the next step in his career. The Standard Publishing Company called him from the pastorate to become editor of its Bible School publications, and sent him out unhampered, with absolute freedom to render the completest service possible to the cause of the Bible School, not alone among the Disciples of Christ, but in interdenominational circles as well. This afforded Moninger a great opportunity. How well he availed himself of it is today a matter of history, and it would be unfair to not recognize in this article the part which the Standard Publishing Company, with which he today is connected, has played in the development of our Bible School work through him. Call it far-sighted business policy, call it what you will, Moninger, while salaried by a publishing house, has been left as free as the air to do the great work which he unquestionably has done among our own people, to go like a flaming torch of enthusiasm and consecration from State to State, from Coast to Coast, from Convention to Convention, winning triumphs everywhere, until at last he stands in the enviable position of a leader among Bible School men everywhere, as evinced by the expressions in regard to him which we have been at pains to collect from Bible School workers at large outside of our own communions, which will be found at the end of this article.

Industry, industry, ceaseless industry is one of the secrets of his success.

It was many years ago that Joseph Clark, General Secretary of the Ohio Sunday-School Association, was making an address at a little county convention in Ohio. "The Soul Winner's Equipment" was the subject of Mr. Clark's address, and before him sat a young man, bright eyed, eager, keen, with the deep light of enthusiasm burning in his eyes and the warmth of it glowing upon his cheeks. The young man was Herbert Moninger. There he caught the vision. There the flame was kindled. How widely or how long it shall burn, no one today dare set a limit. The

writer saw him at the Ohio State Convention of Disciples at Elyria, in May. He was conducting a round table, and he handled five hundred people more easily and effectively than many teachers would a score. As he finished his work and sat down, one man who knows, turned to another in my presence and said: "He is the finest round table man in the world." It is in his mastery of assemblies, in his singular power of organization, and in his rare capacity to communicate his enthusiasm to others that much of his power lies. Look, for example, at those great teacher training classes which for three years he has conducted in Cincinnati; for he is not alone a theorist. He is not only a leader who leads; he is a worker who works. In Cincinnati, his home city, there are 1,720 people in training classes, 42 classes in all. He himself teaches the down town class that has ninety-one churches represented in it, and he exercises general direction over the other classes. And the graduation exercises! For three years they have been held in Music Hall, and for three years not less than 8,000 people have purchased a ticket which entitled them to the privilege of seeing these students of teacher training graduate. Wonderful! wonderful! wonderful! For the Standard Publishing Company he edits twenty-four different quarterlies and weekly papers. On his staff are some of the leading Bible School writers of the country. Books and booklets written by him have reached a sale of nearly a quarter of a million. He travels 40,000 miles a year. Sometimes he is at home in Cincinnati. His mornings are spent in the library, digging, and his afternoons in the general office, reading proof, answering mail and looking after a thousand things, for it has become axiomatic among our people, and in many instances among those of other religious bodies, when they do not know some particular thing about Sunday-School to "ask Moninger." He says of his own work in all modesty: "I am happy in it; in the good that is being done. My motto is:

> "'It may not be the best,
> But if it is my best
> It will be heaven-blest.'"

and he adds what our artist has suggested at the head of this article: "I hope to be able to have on my tombstone 'Here lies the fellow that delivered the goods.'"

It must be confessed that in this article superlatives govern, because our subject is a superlative one. Believing that some people who have not come under the spell of Mr. Moninger's sway might feel that we have exaggerated, and recognizing that that which might appear fulsome would be distasteful to the subject of this sketch, we have been at pains to gather some sentiments regarding Mr. Moninger and his work from persons very largely outside of our communion, who are prominent in Sunday-School work, and they are appended hereto and made a part of this article.

Golden Opinions of Herbert Moninger

"Herbert Moninger is the most promising rising young Sunday-School man in the world today. He is as clean as a star out of heaven, as straight as a gun barrel and true as steel. I love him tenderly.

MARION LAWRANCE,"

Gen. Sec'y International Sunday-School Association.

"I have watched with continued interest his growing influence and ability, and consider him today, in his young manhood, to be one of the foremost Sunday-School leaders of the world.

MARY FOSTER BRYNER,"

Elementary Supt. International Sunday-School Association.

Mr. Herbert Moninger, of Cincinnati, is one of the leading Bible teachers of this continent.

S. C. DICKEY,
Gen'l Mgr. of Winona Assembly and Director of Winona Bible Conference.

* * *

Dear Bro. Macfarlane:—I regard Mr. Moninger one of the most inspirational leaders in Bible School work I have ever known, and withal he has great genius for organization.

MINER LEE BATES,
President Hiram College.
June 18, 1909.

* * *

I have known of the work of Herbert Moninger for several years, and have talked with people who have taken a course in Teacher Training under his direction, and I believe he has done, and is doing, a splendid work. His enthusiasm awakens a similar enthusiasm in his students. He is eminently worthy of a high place among experts in Teacher Training work.

C. J. HERRING,
Of "57 Varieties."

* * *

It has been a pleasure to have known Herbert Moninger during the last four years. One of the things he did during his off year, preparatory to taking up the great work to which he was called, was to spend a few weeks at Winona Lake attending the fourth International District Summer School for Sunday-School workers. Here an introduction over the enrollment counter blossomed into an acquaintance which has borne the truest fruit of friendship as a brother and co-laborer. And still the wonder goes that one small man can accomplish all of this.

E. W. HALPENNY,
Gen'l. Sec'y. Indiana Sunday-School Association.

I have known Herbert Moninger for some years, only to admire his manly and Christian bearing and his wonderful accomplishments in leading young people, as well as men and women of all ages, in Bible School work.

Brother Moninger, I consider to be one of our greatest organizers and a beautiful character, humble and sweet spirited and only eternity will reveal the results of his consecrated efforts.

To my mind he is in the class with such noble, consecrated men as Brothers Medbury, Welshimer, Bower and others.

Sincerely yours,
GEO. F. RAND,
Buffalo, N. Y.

* * *

It was a blessed day for me, and a great day for the Sunday-School world when the Lord permitted me to find Herbert Moninger. He credits me with the honor of being his "Sunday-School Father," all because he came to his Sunday-School awakening under an address on "The Soul Winner's Equipment," delivered six years ago in an Eastern Ohio county.

I remember Mr. Moninger well as he sat that day an eager listener at that little convention. Little did I think then that God was discovering to the Sunday-School world one who would in an incredibly short time become a prince among Sunday-School leaders.

Today his fame is world-wide. There is but one Moninger: Sunny, sympathetic, tactful, magnetic, spiritual, he has marvelous powers of organization and great skill as a master teacher. He is recognized as one of the present-day prophets in teacher-training. Mr. Moninger is a man of one book—the Bible; of one vision—*the Kingdom;* of one message—*the Cross;* of one spirit—*Love;* of one purpose—*the Glory of God.*

My God, spare "My Boy" for fifty years to bless the world.

Yours very sincerely,
JOSEPH CLARK,
Gen. Sec. Ohio Sunday-School Association.

Wireless Whispers

The New Century Bible class, of Maryville, enjoyed a feed and a general good time on Thursday night, July 8th.

* * *

The *Christian Visitor,* published at Scott City, Kansas, by D. N. Manley, pastor, is one of the bright local publications of our people that has come into our office recently.

* * *

The Good Fellows' Club of the First Christian Church of Alameda held a furniture shower a few weeks ago to equip their club rooms, and more recently a shower of books, pictures, posters, pennants and sofa pillows fell upon them.

* * *

On account of the pressure upon our columns and the early issue of the September number on account of the Bible School topics, not much matter had accumulated for the Bible Class Notes, Organization Notes and Golden Opinions. Hence, we group them all under Wireless Whispers.

* * *

The Brotherhood Bible Class of Fort Smith, Arkansas, count themselves fortunate in having as their teacher W. H. Johnson, who is at the head of the large wagon works there. He is a nephew of B. W. Johnson, one of the great men of the last generation and was until his health failed, a successful minister of the Gospel.

* * *

"Mail me one hundred copies August Christian Men. Hurry," telegraphed H. A. Denton on last Monday. He had the magazines in time for prayer meeting; so quick it scared him, and he says he never got such prompt service before in his life. Wants to know if we are going to keep that pace up. Certainly; and beat it.

* * *

The Brotherhood of the First Church, Kansas City, held a hot meeting on the evening of August 10th in the church. Interesting talks were made by M. W. Munson, boy specialist, recently of Washington, D. C., and Elder F. R. Dimmitt. Our Assistant Secretary was also permitted to address the gathering. F. N. Daniels is the progressive President; T. S. Ridge, Vice-President; Kellogg Smith, Secretary, and J. C. Simpson, Treasurer.

They have voted to affiliate with the National Brotherhood, and will hold their charter open until October 1st. They have nearly three hundred men in their church, and will no doubt have a very progressive Brotherhood. This is a downtown church and they are going after the boy problem with vigor. They also have an active employment committee. Keep your eye on the First Church, K. C.

The Men's League of the Churches of Christ in New York State, held their fourth annual convention and third annual dinner at the Y. M. C. A. building in Syracuse on Wednesday, June 30th. The business session was held at 3 p. m. President Dr. A. G. Doust read his annual address and appended the Secretary's report, which showed a grant for four Men's Organizations during the year. The following officers were elected: President, E. A. Olley, Syracuse, New York; Vice-President, J. E. Skinner, Auburn, New York; Secretary, J. A. Helfer, Tonawanda, New York.

After the business session an address was made by Hon. Samuel Foster, of Troy, at 6 o'clock. The annual dinner was served in the banquet hall. There were seventy-three men present, twenty-three of whom were ministers. At dinner a telegram was read by President Doust from the State Brotherhood of Oregon, sending greetings, and a telegraphic reply was sent. In order to appreciate what the Brotherhood work has done towards interesting the men, it is only necessary to say that before its organization twelve men, aside from preachers at the annual convention of the New York State Missionary Society, was considered a large number, while now they can count on from seventy-five to one hundred, and there is much enthusiasm. At an adjourned meeting the President was authorized to take steps toward affiliation with the National Brotherhood. The next convention will be held at Rochester, N. Y.

* * *

The men of the Iowa Christian convention set apart an entire half day exclusively to Brotherhood work, the program of which appeared in Christian Men for June, and mention was made "In Journeyings Oft" of a number of the participants whose names will not be repeated here. Among those to whom credit has not been given was J. B. Hostetler, whose address on "The Brotherhood and the Social and Cultural Life" was splendid. Dr. J. L. Sawyer talked on "The Brotherhood and the Younger Brother" in such a way as to make clear his sympathy with the younger fellow and an appreciation of how to go after him. D. B. Allen was toastmaster at the banquet. The following toasts were responded to: "A Man's Work in the Pulpit," by Hon. C. H. Van Low, of Des Moines; "A Man's Work in the Pew," Wm. Baier; "A Man's Way of Winning Men" was responded to by Hon. C. C. Crail, and "Business Men and the Church Life" by P. C. Frick, while "The Layman's Duty to State Missions" was presented by J. J. Grove. S. M. Perkins told "What an Aroused Brotherhood Can Do for Iowa."

At the close of the banquet B. S. Denny,

H. I. Prusia and G. B. Van Arsdall were appointed a committee to select five men, one from each of the five missionary districts, to constitute a committee to co-operate with a similar committee from other States and with our National Brotherhood Board in formulating plans of work for our Christian Brotherhood men.

The following names were presented to the convention and elected: H. I. Prusia, Mason City; J. J. Grove, Ames; C. N. Kinney, Des Moines; S. M. Perkins, Davenport, and O. M. Pennock. Osceola.

The State Board of Missions proposes to defray the expenses of this committee to attend a meeting in Des Moines soon, and it is believed that our men are in a fair way for effective work for Christ and men.

BROTHERHOOD STATE CONVENTIONS JUST AHEAD

ILLINOIS STATE CONVENTION

Brotherhood Day, Tuesday, August 31st, at Eureka. Big Doings. Big Banquet. Big Speeches. Big Turnout of Illinois Men.

OKLAHOMA STATE CONVENTION

Chickasha, Oklahoma. Brotherhood Address, Thursday, September 9th. Two Brotherhood Banquets—TWO—during this State Convention. The General Secretary will attend.

MARYLAND AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Beaver Creek, Maryland, September 14th to 16th. The General Secretary hopes to be there.

WEST VIRGINIA STATE CONVENTION

Parkersburg, West Virginia, September 14th to 16th. The General Secretary hopes to be there.

KENTUCKY STATE CONVENTION

September 20th to 24th. No provision made for Brotherhood on account of lack of time for many interests. But all loyal Brotherhood Men in Kentucky will make an earnest effort to attend the State Convention. They need you and you need them.

VIRGINIA STATE CONVENTION

Richmond, Virginia, September 21st to 24th. The General Secretary hopes to attend.

KANSAS STATE CONVENTION

Hutchinson, September 27 to 30th. Brotherhood Banquet, 5 p. m., September 29th. Brotherhood Address, September 30th. The General Secretary will be present.

In Journeyings Oft

Miles Traveled in Journeyings Oft	
November 1st to July 20th...	32,870
July 20th to August 20th.....	2,040
Total.	34,910

City of Roses

Portland queens it magnificently near to the Pacific ocean with the splendid Columbia upon one side of her and the busy Willamette on the other. From north to south on our Atlantic Coast we have a half dozen great cities. Today, upon the Pacific Coast, only one, San Francisco, but we are to have a half dozen or more cities upon the Pacific Ocean which, for size, will rival the cities of the Eastern seaboard. One of these rapidly growing, and soon to be great, cities is Portland. We have four or five flourishing churches in Portland. The two strongest being the First Church, where W. F. Reagor is pastor and the Central, where J. F. Ghormley is working on the erection of a house of worship that is to cost some $60,000.00 to $80,000.00.

W. F. Reagor recently came to Oregon from California where he left a good record of sound work well done behind. Our first church in Portland presents practically the same problems that confront a down town Church in any one of our cities. To those who know W. F. Reagor, it is unnecessary for us to say that he is facing these problems with heroism, with consecration, with enthusiasm and already there is felt in this congregation the quiver of animation that marks a new and strong advance along every line of Christian enterprise. In introducing me to his splendid morning audience, Brother Reagor stated that we had known each other long and had fought and bled together in times past. Methought Brother Reagor's shoulder blade winked a little at me as this was said since, while we fought and bled most freely, it was generaly upon opposite sides of the fence as we have often differed soundly on things ecclesiastic, but in the matter of B. D. C., we are absolutely one. The First Church, Portland, has as fine a lot of men in it as one often meets and at the close of the morning sermon, they were eager to have a conference on brotherhood matters. This was called at three o'clock in the afternoon. The attendance was large and the interest keen. Without a doubt, these men are going to do the thing. The men of the Bible School are properly paying a great deal of attention to muscular Christianity this summer. The young men have a baseball club and the Business Men's Class promised them a dinner if they won the majority of games with opposing teams this season. Up to the present, they have won a large majority of games and it looks as though they had that dinner cinched now as far down as the fish, at least.

In the evening, it was a real privilege to worship with the warm-hearted J. F. Ghormley and meet the fine men who are helping to make this Central Church one of the greatest religious forces on the East Side of Portland.

Turner in the Pines

The next morning saw four of us entrained for the Oregon State Convention. W. A. Moore, of Tacoma, W. F. Reagor, and J. F. Ghormley, of Portland, and the wanderer. Turner is a beauty spot. It lies betwixt the towering pines nestling close in the arms of a rippling, clear mountain stream that sings on its way from the snowy sides of Mt. Hood to the lapping waters of the Great Pacific. The fellow-

ship here was delightful and the interest in the Brotherhood keen.

A banquet was held at the evening hour where an address on Brotherhood problems was made by the Secretary. An hour later in the great auditorium, a second presentation of the Brotherhood ideals was made, and still this was not enough, but at noon of the second day, the Oregon men insisted upon another crack at Brotherhood themes. This time the Secretary listened and the Oregon men did the talking. Elsewhere in this magazine, a brief summary of the excellent points made by the speakers will appear. It was the writer's first visit to an Oregon convention and he left with the finest appreciation of the consecration of these workers, their rare companionableness and a feeling that our cause in Oregon is in good hands. Grateful acknowledgment is due Davis Errett, President of the Convention, C. F. Swander, State Secretary, and L. F. Stevens, Chairman of the Program Committee, for favors rendered.

From Turner, Oregon, the Secretary journeyed to Seattle, Washington, where he met J. L. Garvin, Pastor of the First Church and T. J. Shuey, of the University Place Church, and a number of strong men of our Churches there in conference, arranging for the reception which the men of Seattle were to give to President R. A. Long on the night of Thursday, July 15th. It was a matter of regret that Mr. Frank Nase, the President of the First Church Men's Organization, who has been so vitally interested in all this, was absent from the city on this occasion. The enterprising men of both Brotherhoods, however, had the matter well in hand and we learn from a private letter that the reception was a great success, and Mr. Long's address received with hearty interest and approval. The occasion of Mr. Long's being in the Northwest was the meeting of the National Lumbermen's Association of Seattle, of which he is the President. Steps were also on foot for a meeting of Mr. Long with the men of Tacoma on a later date, but information has not reached us as to whether this was consummated or not. It was gratifying to find that our leading Seattle pastors are prominent in the religious enterprises of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. J. L. Garvin is a member of the Committee on Religious Conferences while T. J. Shuey has had charge of the Headquarters of the Disciples, at the fair, located in the great Agricultural Building. This room is large and appropriately furnished in the Mission style and is supplied with pictures, wall maps and literature calculated to give anyone a very adequate conception of what our people are and what they stand for. So often our people do not respond to opportunities like this but with a practical man like Thomas J. Shuey, no failure was possible.

The Grand Old Man of the Northwest

The night we passed through Tacoma, the Disciples of that city were all agog over the Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary of W. F. Cowden, for many years Superintendent of Missions in Oregon and Washington, Idaho and Montana and well known affectionately all over our country as "The Grand Old Man of the Northwest." The warm-hearted W. A. Moore had pressed upon us an earnest invitation to be present but the desire of the Oregon people for one more word upon the Brotherhood theme made it impossible to be present. A telegram bearing the good wishes of Brotherhood men everywhere was sent instead. What a lesson to us is the faith and the dauntless heroism of this servant of the Cross, who, after a long and effective ministry in the East, began, through the generosity of T. W. Phillips, of New

Castle, Pa., whose good deeds are everywhere, to preach the gospel of the restoration in that wonderful empire of the Northwest. In this work, Brother Cowden continued until the time of a well earned retirement and now in peace and quietness between the mountains that speak to him of a life of good deeds piled up behind and the murmuring sea that whispers insistently of the Great Unknown into which his faith is leading him, he lives amid his friends and loved ones, rich in memories, opulent in hopes, calm in faith and steadfast, immovable, yet abounding in the work of the Lord.

San Francisco

It was the privilege of the Secretary on Sunday morning in San Francisco at the West Side Christain Church to stand in a pulpit that had been hallowed by the ministration of W. A. Gardner, Walter M. White and Robert Lord Cave. It was good indeed to see the familiar faces and to present the Brotherhood vision to such a heroic group of faithful men and women as those who compose this splendid Church in the heart of the Western residence district of San Francisco. One of our first Brotherhood organizations was formed in this Church, a congregation, by the way, always known for its strong men. Here are lawyers, doctors and business men standing in the very front rank in their particular lines in this greatest city of the Coast, and all interested in the work of the Church and desiring to be found keenly loyal to the principles of the Brotherhood.

The Grand Old First Church

Before the morning service at the West Side Church, it was possible to slip over to the First Church at the Bible Hour and talk to the splendid group of young men in the Bible class of the well beloved and widely known minister, Frank Stewart Ford. Ford, himself is a man's man, notable all the years of his long ministry in San Francisco for the tender and enduring quality of his friendships with men. He was a Brotherhood man before the Brotherhood was thought of. In his varied experience in earthquake, and in fire, he was brother to the man in the gutter and the householder on Nob Hill. He is a man who has done "A Man's Work in a Man's Way" and the splendid equipment of the First Church of San Francisco which is in part a monument to the generosity of our Brotherhood and to the largeness of vision of the Board of Church Extension as well as to the faith and sacrifice of the heroic members of this historic congregation, is more particularly a monument to the sweet and gracious persistence, the unfailing optimism and the unsparing loyalty and devotion of its minister.

The men of this Church were ripe for the Brotherhood theme and listened with the keenest interest, there being no doubt whatever that here in many ways we are to develop one of the finest groups of Brotherhood men to be found on the Pacific Coast.

Oakland

From San Francisco to Oakland, is four miles by water across the only rival of the Bay of Naples to be found in the New World, and then six miles by rail over the Mud Flats. Oakland is quite a town. Once it was facetiously referred to as San Francisco's bed room, but now Oakland is big and metropolitan with 300,000 souls in her, and spreads her own dormitories over the hills in all directions and calls them, Alameda, Berkeley, Fruitvale or what you will. Our church in Oakland has had its ups and downs, its jumps, and dumps, and thumps, and slumps. But for the past seven years, since the beginning of the pastorate of

Thomas A. Boyer, it has been steadily on the upward climb. Today we have an aggressive people of 400 or 500 members. They have a magnificent building lot in the finest residence district and a church in process of erection that will be a credit to our Cause in the whole Coast country. In Hamilton Hall, their present worshiping place, it was the privilege of the Secretary to speak on Sunday night upon "Consecrated Manhood as Expressed in Brotherhood."

A Noiseless Fourth

The next day was the Fourth of July and in San Francisco it was a noiseless Fourth. What do you think of that? California has the seedless tomato, the spineless cactus and at times the jarless earthquake, and ever since the waterless fire, San Francisco has been having a noiseless Fourth. Think of that! Not a fire cracker—not a nigger chaser—not a sky rocket; not a Roman candle; only the plain old packing house or garden variety of candle. Do you know, fellows, I felt queer? Going down to the ferry to spend the day with some relatives on the mountains where there were two or three kids and perhaps some older individuals that would enjoy a real celebration, I took along an empty suit case, intending to fill it with the rich, red, noise creator that is imported from China, but in vain. Street corner after street corner hove into sight and faded from view. There were venders of dried figs, venders of chestnuts and venders of things to eat and to drink, flowers to be looked at and papers to be scanned, but absolutely no peddlers of the succulent fire cracker. Not one, and I had to journey into the mountains empty handed. It took two or three days, however, for San Francisco to recover from her still spree of patriotism, and it was not until Wednesday that the men of the San Francisco churches were able to come together at the Hotel Stewart in a little luncheon to talk about Brotherhood themes. Dr. R. L. Rigdon presided, numbers of the old friends and some of the new were present. It was a delight to find the growing spirit of cooperation and the deepening sense of the importance of bringing our business men more prominently into the work of the church.

Alameda

On Thursday night the people of Alameda who have been kind enough not to forget their former pastor, remembered me with a quiet little reception all full of love and tenderness, reestablishing for the moment, the sweetness of a fellowship that the years can never turn to acid; a friendship that grew in widening circles and remains today one of the brightest spots in the memory of a life time. H. J. Loken, who succeeded to the pastorate last January in this difficult field has won the hearts of the people. He is a noble, strong-souled man, of the very finest qualities and the noblest heroisms. His unselfishness is a supreme element in his make up. He told me with pleasure that the Alameda people were as fine a group as he had even seen in all his life, and it was a double pleasure for me to hear the good, solid people who, through seven years, had proven their loyalty to the Church and to the minister, speaking with one accord their deep devotion to the man who today is leading them so successfully in all the enterprises of the church. The work goes on around the Bay and it is impossible that the writer should not have been interested and gratified thereby.

Dr. W. C. Bailey is at Twenty-fourth Street, Otto B. Irelan at South Berkeley, and R. L. McHatton at Fruitvale; the beloved I. N. McCash at Berkeley First,

while E. W. Darst, whose name must ever be associated with our work around the Bay, was out of the Bay district at Porterville in an evangelistic meeting. It was a matter of regret that I was unable to meet these two last mentioned brethren. A wedding or a funeral, I forget which, prevented the attendance of Dr. McCash at the luncheon mentioned.

Francis J. Heney

Friday was finishing up day around the Bay. Hurried talks with a few old friends and a long interview with that prince of rich reformers, Rudolph Spreckels, were the order. Something like a year ago, just after the Appellate Courts of California had granted a new trial to the grafting ex-mayor, Schmitz, thereby releasing Abraham Ruef, who had confessed himself guilty of the same crime of which the ex-mayor had been convicted, I had a long talk with Rudolph Spreckels and he said, as we parted, referring to the very aggravating conditions with which they were contending, "Mr. Macfarlane, I never quit."

Everyone knows that Rudolph Spreckels has been the good angel of the graft prosecution in San Francisco—that with the up-turning of conditions so rotten that they had never been exceeded in an American city and which so appalled President Roosevelt that he detached from the public service, Francis J. Heney, a special prosecutor and William J. Burns, the best secret service man in the United States; Fremont Older, Managing Editor of *The San Francisco Bulletin,* who was moving in the matter, found it necessary to enlist the sympathetic help of a few rich men who would consent to finance the undertaking since the civil authorities were all involved with the grafters; and that Rudolph Spreckels, a young millionaire, and club man, then thirty-five years old, volunteered to find fifteen men who would stand behind the enterprise.

Mr. Spreckels failed to find fifteen men, nor five; in fact, only one and that one, himself. In a private conversation, he agreed to himself support the venture to the extent of one hundred thousand dollars. Compensation was agreed upon for Special Agent Burns and his men and turning to Mr. Heney, who had come to San Francisco to undertake the prosecutions, Mr. Spreckels said, "And now, Mr. Heney, what are your terms going to be?" Mr. Heney said, "I am not a rich man, but I think, Mr. Spreckels, I will just put my ability as a prosecutor against your money. My fee will be nothing but the opportunity to serve the city of my birth to this extent." Little then did Francis J. Heney realize what a price he was to pay for this privilege, but he has paid it, paid it even to the verge of death by an assassin's bullet, and still he pays it, enduring villifications, slander, hatred, malice, and almost murder. Even the sacred Halls of Congress have been used as a vantage ground from which to launch dastardly attacks upon the motives of one of the most fearlessly patriotic men of modern times. All honor to Francis J. Heney. I know him. I love and honor him. His first public address in behalf of honest government in a church was made in my own pulpit in Alameda. Many forceful addresses were delivered at the Northern California Christian Convention last year but none more forceful than that wherein he, for nearly two hours, held a great audience of thinking men spell-bound while he pleaded for the integrity of our citizenship; for honesty and virtue in public office. "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's" was his plea to the Christian men of California.

Since then have come many trying ex-

periences. Since then, Mike Coffey, a boodling supervisor, poor as dirt, was convicted in a few hours and sent to San Quentin for receiving a bribe paid by Patrick Calhoun or his agents in the matter of the trolley franchise. Since then, Ruef was tried and convicted and during this trial Francis J. Heney was shot down by an assassin, whose bullet missed a vital spot by a hair, although it passed entirely through the head of the prosecutor. Within a few short hours, Haas, the would-be assassin, had committed suicide in the jail under conditions that have never been satisfactorily explained and a few days after this, Chief of Police, Biggy, under keen criticism, disappeared from a police boat on the Bay and his mangled body was recovered weeks later.

Yes, the trail of blood is surely over the graft prosecution in San Francisco. For crimes done at the behest of Patrick Calhoun, President of the United Railroads of San Francisco, and grandson of America's great statesman, men are paying with years of suffering and some of them with their blood and with their lives. Since that, too, Patrick Calhoun himself has been on trial. Calhoun was being tried for offering the bribe for the acceptance of which Mike Coffey was convicted. But Mike was poor, it will be remembered—Pat is rich. He was able to fill the jury room with hired thugs, employ men to rifle the desks of prosecuting officers and transfer their contents to his own private safes where they were afterward found and *somebody* hired two Greeks by the name of Claudianes to dynamite a house in which "Big Jim" Gallagher and twelve other persons, men, women and children were, with the view to taking the life of Gallagher, but fortunately all escaped. Later a house Gallagher was building was blown up in a second attempt to take the life of Gallagher. Why the life of Gallagher? Because Gallagher could help trace the bribe from the dirty hand of Calhoun to the itching palm of Coffey. Calhoun, too, could employ lawyers. The most brilliant aggregation of time-killers to be found in America, sat down in seats beside this scion of American aristocracy, who was on trial for a putrid offense. They objected and queried and wrangled; they assaulted, insulted, inflamed. They nagged at jurors, they flouted at the Court, they sneered at the prosecution, they goaded Heney for days and days and days, one after another of them, until he had endured what ten men could not and then when outraged human nature at last gave way and he flashed back the bitterness of his soul against the hired Hessians whom he knew to be black enemies of his country, these oily-tongued baiters of virtue, smiled passively and said "See what a brute this man Heney is." If Heney's self-control were not almost superhuman, the man who through five long months endured the stinging and harrassing insults of these paid prosecutor-baiters, would have resigned the case, turned from the Court room in disgust or leaped upon his assailants like the bold hearted lion he is and have torn them limb from limb. But he did neither. Heney has bowed his neck to the yoke and he will wear it though it gall him to the marrow, and once the lightning flash of impatient anger had burst the thunder cloud, he was his own sunny, sweet-tempered, patient, persistent self again. Five months, did I say? Yes, the Calhoun trial went on for five months. It took more than one hundred days to get the jury alone. More than one thousand jurors were examined. It is the longest criminal trial in history. It resulted in a mis-trial but the friends of good government throughout the United States were shocked beyond measure to know that the jury had voted ten for acquittal and two for con-

viction. Calhoun, the rich man, could not be convicted of offering the bribe that Mike Coffey, the poor supervisor was convicted of receiving. If Coffey did not get the bribe from Calhoun, he did not get it from anybody. If he did get it from Calhoun, why was it not as easy to convict Calhoun as Coffey? One was rich and the other was poor. Coffey was not convicted of receiving a bribe. He was convicted of being penniless. The verdict of that jury did not mean that Calhoun was innocent. It means that he was rich. Was the jury on the square? Well now, maybe and then again, maybe not. For weeks before the case was finally submitted, the prosecution was hearing rumors that the jury had been fixed. From the very inner circle of Calhoun's friends came word one afternoon that the jury would stand ten for acquittal and two for conviction. A day or two later, this rumor was confirmed again from the inner circle with the added statement that Calhoun would be acquitted by this jury, if it were not for two stubborn Dutchmen. Now, it happened that when it was all over, when the jury had tried to agree and failed, when the names of the two who had stood for the conviction were published, they were both found to be of German citizenship. Draw your own conclusions. How did the defendants know that there were two stubborn Dutchmen on the jury if they had not reached the jury somehow, one by one, and weighed them in the balances as men weigh sugar and salt?

Rudolph Spreckels So, for all these reasons, I was anxious to talk to Rudolph Spreckels again. I feared for the effect of these reverses upon him for of right, he is well to the front as the leader in the graft prosecution. He is a power in San Francisco. He is a self-made man. He is the President of the First National Bank of that city; he is dauntless and resourceful. With infinite patience, with all his supposed stubbornness, and with the great conviction growing in his heart that is larger than everything else in his life, he is undoubtedly a force to be reckoned with, but withal, he is a business man. Used to playing the game; used to getting what he goes after and used, therefore, to consider himself beaten when he does not get it. Since, therefore, when the actual results in dress suits changed for prison stripes is tallied up, the effect of nearly three years of graft prosecution is not very appreciable, I wondered if the man would waver in the face of this last seemingly supreme discouragement, the verdict in the Calhoun case. I might have spared myself concerning him. The soul of Rudolph Spreckels is as dauntless, the glazed set of his eye as he speaks of his high purposes, is as determined as ever. Two years have left their mark upon him. There is not quite so much of the fresh glow of ruddy health about his eye as there was when last we met but the soul of the man is finer, the vision of him is broader, the purposes that lie behind his every act are purposes of wider range, of farther reach and deeper holding power. He is a better man than he was a year or two ago. This is inevitable. The man who honestly seeks to reform the world without finds himself insensibly reforming the world within. Said Mr. Spreckels to me, "Discouraged? No! Not a bit of it! The more juries they bribe, the more criminals convicted by the graft prosecution the Appellate courts of this State turn loose, the better for our cause. We are waging a struggle, not against a few petty criminals, not alone against a group of the most determined corrupters of courts and juries, of officers and citizenship in the history of

America; but we are fighting for the broad principles that lie at the very root of the integrity of our courts; for the sacredness of the individual rights of the poorest citizens of this country as well as of the rich." It is a pleasure to know that this man has indeed caught the larger vision. His friends have said to Mr. Spreckels, "You are shortening your life by this work. Your father lived to be ninety years old. You will not live to be sixty at your present rate of speed." Rejoined Mr. Spreckels, "I had rather live my life out in ten years and know that I had advanced the cause of righteousness, the cause of right, the cause of the individual against the corporate interest somewhat, than to live for a hundred years, myself a part of that cruel system which each year elevates the interests and humbles the individual, multiplies the power of accumulated wealth and subtracts from the right of single and separate human beings to the pursuit of liberty and enjoyment of happiness which the Constitution is supposed to guarantee to him."

Mr. Spreckels is feeling encouraged, too, over the changing attitude of the rich toward his cause. In the beginning, when the graft prosecution had merely trapped boodling supervisors and the mayors and bosses, Mr. Spreckels was hailed as a hero by all. When it became apparent that he was going after the real criminal the "higher ups," the man who bribes and corrupts, makes bosses and boss systems possible, Mr. Spreckels' business associates in the vast majority gave him the cold shoulder. They withdrew from him the hand of fellowship. They accused him of going against his own class so that from east to west, from north to south in the inner financial circles, it has been considered that the President of the First National Bank of San Francisco was a young man who was running amuck; who was tearing down the very fabric of which he, himself, was a part; was conducting an assault upon those interests which capitalized his bank and by means of which he lived and wrought his work in the world. To such men, Mr. Spreckels has of late been addressing himself, with a question like this, "Do you believe that rebellion, a bloody war of the masses against the classes is inevitable in this country if conditions go on as they are for another ten or twenty years?" This seems an idle question at first, almost socialistic, but when the squared brow of Spreckels puts it up to you, looking level into your eye and you pause and think back a generation over the inevitable trend of events, you are likely to answer "Yes." Mr. Spreckels says he has failed in but a single instance to elicit an affirmative answer. This much gained, it immediately follows that it is absolutely essential to the safety of the vast property interests of this country that they, themselves, shall head a campaign for the establishment and enforcement of law and of court practice without fear or favor on a basis of absolute equity to all, rich or poor, corporate or individual. It also follows that Mr. Spreckels, in fighting Patrick Calhoun, so far from fighting wealth and vested interests, is fighting an enemy of the vested interests and it behooves, therefore, all friends of capital, of realty, of financial and industrial values, to withdraw the support from the Calhouns and give it to the Spreckelses; to establish a new order and a new attitude on the part of the wealthy; to contend for the integrity of the man in order that the integrity of money may remain undisturbed. This is a new argument. Judge Gary hinted at it in his New York speech a few months ago. It was voiced recently in the *Wall Street Journal*. It must obtain ultimately. Meantime, the

fight goes on in San Francisco. The second trial of Calhoun is proceeding. Heney has gone to Alaska and cooled his fevered brow in the waters that drip from glaciers. Fremont Older, managing Editor of the *Bulletin* is sharpening his pencil. Wm. J. Burns, the most brilliant detective of modern times, is unfolding the wrinkling souls of men, tracing them out to the last crooked convolution with those steel blue eyes of his. And Rudolph Spreckels, like the general that he is, is everywhere along the line, speaking a word of encouragement here, uttering prudent advice there; laying aside his personal pride to harmonize a difficult situation yonder. Strong, resourceful, valiant, dauntless, these four great men, the finest group of municipal reformers that history ever drew together, are at their work. Calhoun chafes. The hearts of Schmitz and Ruef ache with the long suspense. But the battle of right against wrong goes grandly on.

Los Angeles Los Angeles is down in the other end of the State. It started in to be a nice little Pueblo on a river that was dry most of the time, like Kansas. The mayor of the town was called the alcalde. The town was soundly Spanish. In 1846, General Fremont came down from Monterey and took the Pueblo for us, meaning the United States. He climbed over the hill the high school stands on, and took a shot with his three-pounder at an old mule that was grazing peacefully on the public plaza. The mule lifted up his ears and brayed, then lowered them dejectedly and waved his tail in token of surrender. The alcalde seconded the motion by running up a white flag. General Fremont pulled the white flag down and ran up the American with a string of Mexican chili peppers (red) attached thereto, signifying that there would be a hot time in the old town tonight, and there has been ever since, especially in July.

I remember well, when Alexander Campbell Smither, pastor of the First Church, announced a sermon on Hell for the first Sunday in July. He was called upon by the irrepressible Frank Wiggins, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, who suggested that there were times and seasons in Los Angeles as elsewhere and he should vary the diet a little in dog days. In 1881, Los Angeles had 10,000 souls in it, including the whites; in 1890, when the writer first saw the city, there were 50,000 people on the census roll. Today there are 300,000 and more coming. It is in many respects the finest city of its population in this country; in 1890 we had one church there and the Smither, a raw youth from Mississippi, was the pastor. Today though we have eighteen churches, Alexander still thumps the pulpit in the First Church which, however, has moved west a mile or two, and acquired a new building luxuriantly furbished forth.

Here the writer spoke on Sunday morning on the "Brotherhood theme." Dr. Smither is one of the most complimentary men imaginable, that is, complimentary to himself. He arose, no doubt with the benevolent intention of introducing the General Secretary, but confined himself to informing the audience that whatever successes the Secretary might have here or hereafter, they were entirely due to his having sat under the ministry of the introducer. It is a barren and bloomless desert indeed on which Alexander Campbell Smither cannot gather a bouquet and throw it at himself. When he had got done telling what a great preacher he was, the introducee arose and humbly confessed that it was true that while sitting under the ministry of the rotund Doctor he conceived the idea of entering the ministry, but at this time it was hazy in his mind as to whether it was because he had

been inspired to do so by the preaching of the pulpit orator who had just introduced him so gracefully or whether ten years of observation of the kind of preaching they had at First Church had impressed upon him the very great necessity for workers in the vineyard of the Lord. Anyway, it is a grand old First Church and A. C. Smither is as true a preacher, as keen, as fine, as loyal and persistent a worker as can be found in our Brotherhood. It means a great deal to have held the same pulpit for nearly twenty years in this great city. The problem of the down town church is a problem which Dr. Smither has solved successfully and it was a pleasure to speak to his people and to meet the old friends. At night, the Secretary was asked to address the Endeavor Society for a few moments, a society of which he had been President a half dozen times and as many times Vice-President, in which he had served continuously for a period of ten years and as he looked round there were some of the old friends. W. H. Wagner, Walter R. Harper and Mrs. Harper, then Leonora Hassler, who met him that first night in 1890 with a warm welcome and made that boy just setting out on life's journey feel that life was indeed worth while and that Christian fellowship was a warm and glowing reality.

Magnolia Ave. On Sunday evening the Secretary spoke at the Magnolia Avenue church where J. P. McKnight is pastor. This is another of our great Los Angeles churches. Here, too, were many of the old friends from First Church. Here were O. P. Lockhart, L. M. Anderson, Mrs. Williams, then Della Lockhart, and Mrs. O. P. Lockhart, who were members of the old First Church and helped to warm the welcome to the stranger spoken of before. Other friends were here, too, whom we had known almost as long and it was a double pleasure to bring to them the vision of the new Brotherhood of Disciples of Christ.

Southern California Ministerial Meeting Monday the regular Southern California Ministerial Meeting was in progress at the First Church. B. B. Tyler, S. M. Martin, J. T. Stivers and E. W. Thornton, among our general workers, were present in addition to the splendid roll of ministers of the Word who are making our cause move forward so rapidly in Southern California. A place was found for the Brotherhood Secretary to present a number of practical problems connected with the Brotherhood work. This was followed up by a short talk by the sainted B. B. Tyler, of Denver. Dr. Tyler's face is as winning as ever. His hair as white. His pink complexion is as Cupid-like as of yore, indeed, if the Doctor's eyes were only pink instead of blue, they would be nick-naming him "The Albino Boy."

The Preacher and the Motor Gentlemen, I must tell you that A. C. Smither, despite his ponderous weight of 257 pounds, almost as much as the Secretary, is getting very swift in his old age. He met me at the train Saturday morning in his spick and span Franklin motor, took me all around the city and out home for luncheon, and after luncheon whirled me down to Santa Monica, by the sea, to watch the road races then in progress. Chester, the son of the Doctor, was along, and as he is an expert on automobiles and can tell the kind thereof as far as he can smell their fumes, we had copious information as to engines, cut offs, sparking plugs, cranks, tires, axles, cylinders and other features of motor car lingerie, until the races became almost a real thing to us. What we saw was just a series of clouds of dust, a sudden explosion like a can

full of fire crackers attached to a pup's tail, and then a long, low, rakish craft, would scud by with two pop-eyed catamounts in evidence on top of it for a minute and then it was gone. That would be all. It was an eight-mile circle course over California roads and by and by they informed us that one of the smaller cars had finished, doing something like over 200 miles at an average of 54 miles an hour and added that in the morning in the Big Car contest, the winner had averaged 64 5-10 miles, beating the Vanderbilt time and making this the fastest track in America. Maybe this is not so. I do not vouch for everything Los Angeles people tell me any more. Then we jogged home in the evening. Chester driving the car with great skill and prudence and Alex expatiating on the advantage of a motor car, telling how he made more calls, did more business and preached more sermons all because he had a motor car. He tells me that he never did find any place to get ideas for sermons equal to the position on his back under this motor car of his with gasoline dripping into his whiskers, an oil jet playing on his auburn locks and a stream of hot water trickling down the slope between his floating ribs. I wonder if it is the July type of sermon that proves the most suggestible at this time. Anyhow he was telling how sorry he was that he had not got one five years before. "Now," quoth Peter to Alexander, "that is just the difference between you and me. It takes you five years to get an idea. You watch how long it takes me to get one." Well, I had mine within twenty-four hours. Missing at church on Sunday morning an elderly lady residing near Santa Monica whom I expected to convoy to Kansas City on my return trip, it occurred to me after luncheon, time hanging heavily, it was just the time for Alexander to take his motor car out and run down there with me to find out about the lady. It was a matter of an hour or two's time and a quart of gasoline. I consulted with Chester. He was anxious to go but thought Pop was a hard proposition on Sunday afternoon, so I boldly made the proposal. "No," said Alexander, "I am otherwise engaged on Sunday afternoon. It is my sleeping time. My people sleep Sunday morning and Sunday night and I sleep Sunday afternoon." "Well," I said, "you are not afraid to let Chester run the car are you?" Now Alexander had been boasting for four hours about what a safe and reliable chauffeur Chester was and he fell for this immediately with an assertion that he would trust Chester to carry even such precious human freight as ourselves. "But," I said, "you are not going to be so inhospitable as to let me go alone. Here is Mrs. Smither, she would enjoy a ride." Now, this was testing friendship a good deal and he looked up with a perfectly impassive glance that consisted in an elevation of his eyelids. No other muscle of his face moved. Those who know the Doctor will remember the expression. You see the Doctor is conservative about having his wife go out to ride with gentlemen who are better looking than he is. But there stood the lady, sparkling, consenting, and with that philosophic calm which often characterizes the erudite pastor of the First Church, he said, "Well, go ahead, both of you. I don't suppose I could sleep with either one of you around and I know I could not with both of you." Exiunt omnes. We had a pleasant jaunt. Discovered that the lady had already gone to Kansas City and there was nothing else to do but to come back again, which was not so bad, the gasoline still holding out. Chester is indeed a splendid chauffeur. He is quite a remarkable boy. He gets his name from a Presbyterian minister in Los Angeles

named Chichester who was a genial soul and good to Alexander in his callow days when he used to have marriages to perform, funerals to conduct, etc., and not being exactly sure of himself, he would go to the Presbyterian Divine for information. This all arose through the Doctor's making the horrible mistake after his first wedding in Los Angeles of inviting the congregation to come forward and view the remains—so the boy's name is Chester. He is slightly "chesty" over Franklin automobiles. He is a remarkably fine fellow but not like his father at all since he is so very *modest,* and not like his mother at all because he is so very *quiet,* but he is a fine fellow for all that and I am deeply grateful to him for many courtesies. I am reminded, however, that my own gasoline is running low, and so I leave immediately for Santa Barbara.

Santa Barbara

All the chiefest joys and all the blackest sorrows of my life root themselves in Santa Barbara. This beautiful, beautiful city, where the mountains come down to the sea and the sea comes up to the mountains, where the islands of the coast whisper tender messages to the orange groves that bloom along the foothills and where the grim crags that tower above, fling their shadows down, down into the very depths of the swimming blue sea around them. Sumner T. Martin, that faithful man of God, is pastor of the church at Santa Barbara, which has enjoyed the ministry in times past of such saints as T. D. Garvin, Burris A. Jenkins, W. R. Warren, Lewis A. Pier and W. H. Martin. On Tuesday night, it was the Secretary's pleasure to meet the men of this church in an earnest heart-to-heart conference on Brotherhood subjects. The men are organing up four feet and sliding down five, the Gideon Class, of which E. L. Peery is the President, and the Four C's Class, of which J. M. Warren is the leader. They were all well represented at this gathering and took a keen interest in the entire discussion. A good deal of emphasis was laid upon the Brotherhood standing behind the prayer-meeting, and at the close up jumped Johnny-on-the-spot and said, "Tomorrow night is prayer-meeting night. Let every man that believes in the Brotherhood principles be there." They all with one consent began to make excuses. No, not all, but some of them, but after a little stirring around they all agreed to cancel engagements and make the prayer-meeting Wednesday night, as masculine as a football game, and as a crowning feature, they invited the General Secretary to lead the prayer-meeting. "But," said the General Secretary, "I am going to climb La Cumbra tomorrow, and I will be so tired I can't walk when night comes," but finally I agreed to be there, and to lead the meeting, no matter how tired I was, but at that time I had never been up La Cumbra. The next morning at 6:45 we started—myself and Frederick W. Lueders, a rising young artist, whose fame is becoming widely known. La Cumbra is not so high, only 4,000 feet, but you start from sea level and climb the whole 4,000. Many a Colorado mountain, the heights of which are scaled, is two or three times or four times as tall as La Cumbra, but the start may be made from a high plateau or ridge, where the climb is not much greater than the 4,000 feet up La Cumbra. Anyhow, it was enough. It was a plenty. We mosied out Anapamu street, up the foot hills, under oak trees and over the slipperiest grass that you ever saw. It was the old problem of the snail climbing up four feet and sliding down five, but after awhile we hit something which

Mountain Climbing

Lueders said was a trail, and journeyed on. I started rather slowly, expecting that alacrity of spirit which is necessary to the mountain climber to overtake me, but somehow my feet got heavier and the joints of my knees stiffer. We jogged along. "In about an hour," said Lueders, "we will come to Rattle Snake Canyon," but before we got to Rattle Snake Canyon we had to ascend three or four natural spiral stair cases, slip down granite slides, crawl under spider webs and over rocks and logs and brambles, and it seemed to me four hours before we got to the edge of what proved to be Rattle Snake Canyon. Lueders is an artist—he revels in colors. He sees every new shade and patch and fleck upon the horizon, and he wants you to stop and see it, too. "Look at that," he would say to me, while a rime of perspiration, dripping downward, hung a curtain of mist before my eyes so that I could see nothing but rainbows, and before I got my eyes wiped and my sight focused on the wonderful vision which, after all, was probably not more than a green spot on a leaf or the latest shade in columbines, or the newest fashion in spider architecture, he would be trying to show me a spot on the ocean seventeen miles away, or a freckle on the face of the sun. His muscles are made of India rubber, and his legs are springed with steel. Withal, he was a patient fellow, and never hurried me. It is well he did not, for I would have swatted him and come home. So after awhile we got almost to Rattle Snake Canyon, and then I said: "Well, I suppose we are half-way there?" "Half-way there!" he exclaimed, "We won't be half way there until we get to the other end of Rattle Snake Canyon." "Oh," I said, somewhat depressed. "How long is Rattle Snake Canyon?" "Three miles and a half," he said. I could have slain him. I knew he was fabricating. There could not possibly be three miles and a half anywhere, as mean as the going I was then contending with, but let me say something to you: He was fabricating, but in the opposite direction. It is my honest conviction that Rattle Snake Canyon is thirteen and a half miles long, and that the other end of it is not a quarter of the way to the top of La Cumbra. Anyhow, we got into the Canyon and heard the gurgle and splash of a rippling stream of ice-cold water, where it fell over the old dam built a long time ago by the Mission Fathers to impound water for their institutions. That dam is doubtless more than one hundred years old, and the creek has filled in behind it so that instead of a dam, it is only a waterfall, but there is water there, cold and refreshing, and, prostrate upon the rocks, we drank our fill, and journeyed on and on and on, and up and up and up; but when we had walked fifteen miles, the distance to the top of La Cumbra from Santa Barbara being the nine, we encountered a sign "La Cumbra Peak five miles distant." If I had not been so tired, I would have fallen upon that sign and chewed it to pieces. Discretion, however, ruling, I fell upon a rock and undid the lunch basket, chewing some half-dozen sandwiches to pieces ravenously, and looking at the precipitous side of the mountain which was the next before us. Honestly, if I had been a fly with six legs and suckers on all six toes, I would have needed them all, and I did; but just before we started this climb, Lueders, who is an investigative character, discovered a new trail chopped out of the side of the mountain that would save us the precipitous climb out of the canyon.

I leaned upon his neck and wept for pure joy, but say, friends, I wept too soon. I spilled those tears in vain. I needed them everyone to flood my pores. For the new trail was of mushy, broken stones, about six inches deep. It ran

for a mile along the side of the mountain, and in the face of the noon-day sun. Pitiless, scorching, fiercely, the rays beat upon us steadily, unrelieved by one single breath of air. Lueders meandered; I struggled. About fifty feet at a time was as far as I could go, and then there was a collapse on the pitiless trail, perhaps a stinted sip of water from the precious canteen, and then up and on. The hour was between twelve and one. We had been traveling pretty steadily for five hours. We were not half-way there yet, and many times I had visions of myself quitting, something I do not like to do, but I kept on waddling, getting up and sitting down, and always a little nearer the top of La Cumbra. At last, about 1:30, we left the new trail of rotten mush and struck the hard one that was better. Straight before us in an air-line 2,000 feet above lay our goal, La Cumbra, and round the side of a precipice, through a canyon, in and out, now under tons of hanging rock, hundreds of feet high, now above dizzy depths, where something rotund like ourself might have rolled and rattled and squashed for half a mile, the trail led on. By and by, the Secretary was laid out completely. We were still a mile and a half from the goal. A few tablespoons full of water washed around in the canteen. "Take it all," said Lueders; "I can hear water in a canyon down below. I will slide down and get some." I licked down the few remaining swallows, and Lueders, choosing a place where a boulder had gone down before him, started to the bottom of the Canyon. "Shout when you get to the bottom," I said. He answered from below in just ten minutes, and while waiting for him to climb up, let me tell you about his dog. He had a little spotted, amiable fox terrier that trotted always at his heels, which was consequently just at my toes, and every time a bug track in the trail required investigation, he would stop to smell it, just as I was putting my foot down. Now, I love dogs, and I did not want to hurt him, and I loved Lueders, and I did not want to hurt him by hurting his dog, but I solemnly confess that more than ten thousand times on that trip there came to me the temptation to kick said dog upward and outward, firmly, gently, but positively, and had I done so at certain points on the trail where favorable opportunity occurred, that dog would have been falling yet. There would have been raw material for bologna strewed over those rocks for 2,000 feet. By and by, the dog himself became exhausted, and Lueders picked the pup up in his arms, took his own hat off and put it on his head, and ambled on, his flaxen locks flying to the breeze, and the dog's panting tongue protruding in a possum-like grin from beneath the old sombrero. Well, having refreshed somewhat, and Lueders not getting back, I struck out again.

It was three o'clock and my engagement to lead the prayer-meeting was at eight o'clock so I swung along, and along and along. The peculiarity about mountain climbing is that you go everywhere else but where you start for first. It's like when James Small preaches a sermon, but you get there after a while, if you stick to the trail, and so does he. He is thoroughly apostolic in that he goes everywhere preaching the Word, and so this old trail went everywhere, but it got to the top of La Cumbra and so we journeyed on. After a while I was around behind La Cumbra—before me stretched the valley of the Santa Ynez and beyond the Santa Ynez ridge upon ridge, range upon range, lifting a magnificent panorama of mountains, each range more grim, more bar-

ren, more awe-inspiring, more vividly colored than the last. All the rainbows and all the pigments are heaped up yonder behind the Santa Ynez river. Meantime Lueders overtook me with the water and we had a drink together. It took him ten minutes, you will remember, to get down the side of the canyon. Well, it took him an hour to get up again. On the way up he caught a gopher snake and thinking that I might be squeamish about such things, he did not put it in the canteen, for which very rare consideration, much thanks. Then he rolled it up like a coil of ribbon and thrust it in his shirt, but later a dead branch of chaparral caught him in the flank and the snake leaked out through the hole made thereby. Later he told his wife about it, speaking deprecatingly of the torn shirt, but she shivered, looked at him rather coldly and said, "And now you want me to kiss you." Well, after a while, we began to climb the actual ridge on which the peak is situated. We went in and out amid big boulders, under pine trees, past clumps of chaparral, now losing and now catching sight of the flag staff on the peak; and it is my solemn conviction that every time we lost sight of that flag staff and found it again, we were farther away than before. At last we were right under it. 200 feet more to go and we were there, and those 200 feet seemed impossible. There was a weakness in my kness. There was a goneness where my pancreas sits, and I had that tired feeling in my back, and those dizzy spots before my eyes that one reads about in "Billy Baxter's Letters," but all things have an end and so had the climb to La Cumbra. At a quarter to five, ten hours after we began the ascent "yours truly" was sitting on the ridge of rock while Lueders was recording on the flag pole the fact that ourself, weighing 262 pounds, had climbed that day the top of La Cumbra and claimed the record for being the heaviest man that ever made that ascent, either on foot or on horse, for certainly no horse could carry so much up that trail. Longingly, gurglingly, soothingly, I carried on an osculatory flirtation with the canteen. After a while, we spread the lunch and ate a little, but I had exuded so much moisture that there was none left to cause the digestive juices to flow, and so after munching a few raisins, I resumed flirtation with the canteen. It was a quarter to five. At eight o'clock the prayer-meeting began, and Macfarlane ninety miles away, for I had in my own mind added a cipher to the reputed nine miles. We started down. Oh, glorious! Down! No more aching calves, no more straining knees, no more hearts swelled to bursting over the fight for breath; delicious and delightful experience. In an hour, we were at the foot of Mission Crags; in another we were at the intersection of the Tunnel Trail and just at eight o'clock, we struck the camp at the north of the tunnel where the city of Santa Barbara is boring five miles under these mountains to draw her water from the Santa Ynez. Here was a telephone, but it was prayer-meeting time then and the leader four miles away. We telephoned our regrets. We had done our noble best; demi-gods could do no more, and started out again. There are disadvantages about going down hill even. Once a round stone fixed itself like a roller skate under my right foot and trundled that side of me down hill so suddenly and so swiftly that I am still walking rather near sighted with my left leg. I hope in time to get the two strides back to normal. Then blisters grew and tender spots and it was dark, pitch dark, and it appeared that somebody had scattered a lot of loose holes on the road, and there were low hanging branches of

trees, and a perfume now and then from the road side that was not of flowers but suggested that American beast of the woods that is not so large as a cat nor yet so small as a rat, but makes his presence known for all that. Anyhow, all things have an end and by and by, after a while, we passed under the shadow of the "Old Mission" walls, past the tower, past the long arcade, past the fountain filled with water and gleaming gold fish and waited for the car. The car came. "You will have to pay for me," said Lueders, "I haven't got a cent." Well, I had, because I did not know but that I would have to hire somebody to carry me down from the top, so I paid for Lueders. "Excuse me," said the conductor, "but you will have to pay for the dog." Now, the dog had investigated all too thoroughly the little perfume producer by the roadside. I produced a nickel for the dog. "Anything extra for the smell," I inquired. "No," said the conductor, "only keep the dog outside." And so we climbed La Cumbra. I had carefully weighed myself the day before on three different scales and various estimates were made by my friends as to the amount of weight reduction I would suffer from the climbing, the figure being variously placed at from 5 to 40 pounds. I weighed myself the next morning with great care and found that climbing mountains agrees with me. I was eight ounces heavier than when I started. Therefore, no mountains for a steady diet for the General Secretary.

Los Angeles Again

But there was yet another day in Los Angeles. The Los Angeles Brotherhood representing all the churches of the greater city had called a luncheon meeting for Friday, July 16th, in the rooms of the Church federation on the tenth floor of the Wright & Callender Building. The Secretary arrived in the city at 11:50 and found the long sinuosities of the Elks' parade winding its impressive way to and fro through the streets of the city. Three times it doubled on the thoroughfares between the Secretary and the luncheon. Can you imagine the embarrassment? It is bad enough to be separated from your luncheon at all, but after this fashion it was excruciating, indeed. A telephone message conveyed the information that the guest of honor was on his way. The only feasible plan seemed to take a street car to Long Beach, triangle on another street car from Long Beach to Santa Monica and return from Santa Monica to Los Angeles which latter car would deposit us within the lines. However, where there is an appetite, there is very likely to be a way, and we reached the luncheon table only forty minutes late. A place was reserved for us at the head of the table and immediately on the left was B. B. Tyler, who sprung a joke and the Secretary threw back his head to laugh just as one of the waitresses was passing with a plate of rich soup. Did'st ever try soup for the hair? It has its disadvantages. Query to the diner far down on my left who got the soup. Did'st ever try hair for the soup?

The good old Los Angeles crowd was there. Even C. C. Chapman, the "Orange King" found time to look in for a moment and listen to a further exposition of Brotherhood principles.

J. G. Warren called the meeting to order and announced as the first business the election of a president to succeed F. G. Tyrrel, who had served for one or two years. E. J. Curry was promptly nominated and elected. Mr. Curry is superintendent of the Bible School of the First Church and, it is said, has a rec-

ord for getting things done. His name is decidedly suggestive. A good many Brotherhoods languish only because they need one of those old red handled, tin toothed curry combs they used to have around livery stables in Missouri when we were boys. One vice-president was then named from every church in the affiliation and J. A. Hodges, of the Home Savings Bank, was elected secretary and treasurer.

This business done, the president-elect was called upon for a speech. He spoke and to the point. Hereafter there was an address by the General Secretary and pungent talks were made by Dr. S. M. Martin, B. B. Tyler and others. The newest face at the banquet board was that of W. C. Hull, late of Narth Tonawanda, who has come to be pastor of the First Church, Pasadena, succeeding the beloved Frank M. Dowling. The many friends of Hull will be glad to know that he is winning his way into the hearts of this splendid people who had loved Dowling so well that they had felt they could never love again. On

Pasadena

Friday night, the Secretary was invited to address the men of the Brotherhood of this First Church, Pasadena. We have a strong men's organization there. One of the first in Southern California to line up definitely with the National Brotherhood and W. S. Houseworth is the president. They have a very fine lot of men here, some of them of mature years and sound judgment; others who are young and of good address and full of enthusiasm, the combination necessary to succeed in a great church like this. The old pastor and the new, F. M. Dowling and W. C. Hull, sat together, happy as boys, and participated in the pleasures of the meeting. A. C. Smither, of Los Angeles, was kind enough to come out with chesty Chester and the auto to bring the wanderer back to his house for the night, and with him came President Curry, of the Los Angeles Brotherhood. Mr. Curry was called on for a brief address which he made very gracefully. It was ten o'clock when Chester honked the horn for the home start, and a cool breeze was blowing in from the ocean. The Secretary was wearing no vest and only a thin coat and this is where A. C. Smither, who was well togged out as to clothes and had an overcoat on besides, demonstrated that he was thoroughly apostolic. Having two coats, he parted to him that had none, and also he went "the second mile," and probably the fifteenth before we landed safely at the Episcopal residence at No. 1500 West Adams Street. The next morning the good Doctor and his charming wife and the accommodating motor escorted us to the depot for the last long lap of the 7,000 mile journey.

There had been instructions from President Long that whatever in the way of a vacation came to the Secretary this year, he would probably have to snatch by the wayside on this and other trips, hence, the climb up La Cumbra; hence, also, the determination to stop at Williams, Arizona, and take the side trip to the Grand Canyon, consuming some forty-eight hours. The Grand Canyon

Grand Canyon

of the Colorado in Arizona is one of the wonders of the world, two hundred and seventeen miles long, and in its grandest part, sixty miles in length. It opens with startling abruptness in the midst of a plateau 7,000 feet high, a great gash in the bosom of Nature that is cut to the very bone. At the head of Bright Angel trail, this crack in the smooth floor of the plateau is thirteen miles wide. Remember, it is not the ordinary canyon that we think about,

which is only a steep valley between towering mountains. There is no mountain about it—no suggestion of mountains. A gash, a chasm, chiseled in the flat face of the world by a stream of water. Stand with me for a moment at the jumping off place, which they call the rim of the canyon. Pine trees, rocky soil and then suddenly nothing at all but a sheer leap downward, perhaps one thousand or may be fifteen hundred feet, the bare scarp of the rock likely to be gray at the top and then a magnificent wall of red, as red as brick, only softened with strange blendings of color, with delicate and gracious shadings. Down, did I say, a thousand feet, sheer? Yes, and then a forty-five foot angle of broken stone and earth covered with greasewood, sage brush or some plant of the desert, and then a broad plateau terraced out and another break downward of perhaps a half to a thousand feet and another plateau and another bench until at last the traveler stands on the very edge of the black canyon at the bottom of which in some places 1,000 feet, in others not more than 600 feet below, between towering walls of black granite, flows the great river which in times past has carved itself so deeply upon the rocks of time. Uprising walls again, black and frowning, terraces, bench upon bench, escarpment upon escarpment, color mixed with color, shade blended into shade and shadow overlapping shadow, canyons and chasms, mosques and minarets, domes and pyramids, ten thousands times as large as those of Egypt; strange fantastic shapes that look like battleships or cathedrals or towers of Babel; tiny wrinkles that elsewhere would be titanic chasms, puny pimples that upon the plain would be counted lofty eminences and heaped up piles of sandstone and granite whose clambering heights do not begin to reach the level of the surface that yet, upon the plateau instead of beneath it, would be towering mountains almost a mile in height; and the whole chiselled by jets of water. Sharply divided edges of strata, moulded, shaded, blended by the gentle washing of the waves; softened, mellowed and compounded by the rarer play of the sunshine and the clouds; and all mixed and melted by the varying effects of distance upon distance, perspective upon perspective, of the heavy atmosphere and the rarer, by the shadows formed by clouds and the high lights tossed here and there by sunshine into the most wonderful panorama ever spread before the eye of man. I saw it. Saw the lights of the day go back and the shadows climb outward from the black depths, forming each moment heavier and heavier robes of grey upon the gleaming purple of the rocky walls; saw the clouds creep over the edges and down the sides; saw the sun, a fiery ball, obscured by heavy banks of azure, trying each door and fastening, every joint in the billowy curtain of blue that swathed his face until at last, an opening found, there burst a blaze of glowing fire that was like the opening of the trap doors of an inferno. I saw the golden streamers shoot upward and feel along the zenith as if like giant arms, they clutched at something that would keep the fiery orb from plunging into the abyss, but their grasp grew feebler, the glow grew fainter and at last the clouds had the victory. The darkness of the blue had obscured the brightness of the crimson glory and with a great sigh, the sun himself fell into the canyon and the nimbus curtains of the night were securely buttoned down upon him.

But why all this verbiage? Who can paint the sun? Who can photograph the night? What phonograph could record the song the morning stars have sung together since the world began? The

Grand Canyon can never be described for another because of its bewitching power over the soul of the individual. It is not a dumb and pulseless thing. It lives—it thrills; it speaks not of itself but the soul that sees of that which is his *own*. Greater than the vacant yawning of the Canyon are the abysmal yearnings of the human heart to find the interpretation of itself in God. One who looks upon the Canyon with seeing eyes, soon sees not the great void in the face of the world, but looks within at the strange compounding mysteries of which the soul is formed. Men should see the Grand Canyon—that they may see themselves; men should open their souls to it and be questioned of the thousand sphinxes that crouch at every verging angle of the mighty combination of colors that spreads itself here upon the palette of the great Artist of the Universe. But why, again, all these words? A lady from Boston stood for a long time at the head of Bright Angel trail looking east, west, north, south, and having drunk in all that it had for her, she turned away with a single word: "Cute." Perhaps, after all the lady has the better of the argument.

As to Balaam

It was my fond intention to go down the Canyon. From the rim to the brink, a trail seven miles long, one may ride and back in a day. What an experience! It was a marvelous sensation to stand upon the rim of the world and look down into the bottom of the gash. What another sensation it must be to stand at the bottom, at the river's edge and look outward, upward to the world, with the rims of the Canyon marking the limit of observation like the lens of some great telescope, to lift the puny eye and seek to search the depths of the universe above. It is well worth the doing, but man proposes only. With all the assurance possible, I went to the office at Hotel El Tovar and ordered a mule for a trip down to the brink, but the mule man eyed me askance with a cold and calculating glance. "How much do you weigh?" he asked delicately. "Two hundred and sixty-two," I replied, with lowered lashes, blushing coyly. He shook his head. "There would be mule tears," said the muleteer, "if you should ride." But I could not be denied thus easily. "Surely," I pleaded, "You must have in that big barn over there an animal built to carry a full grown man. Suppose, now that President Taft were here. Would you say him nay?" Possibly the suspicion entered his mind that the Secretary were the President in disguise. Anyway, he said, "Wait a minute, I will telephone to the barn." "Yes," said another, "I think old Mary could carry him." "Old Mary," thought I, "Female sufferage even here." But presently the gentleman came around and said, "Now, it is just this way. We will take you down, if you insist, but it would be doing an injustice to the animal just the same." Now, when put in this light, I faded. I impose on railroads, on porters and conductors and hotel clerks, and all the rest of that fraternity with which the traveler comes in contact, but I am from Missouri, and I have a fellow feeling for this famous product of my own great State. Gentlemen, I will not impose upon a mule. Besides, do I not remember how once a General Secretary upon a special commission way back yonder in the Grand Canyon of Moab, imposed upon an ass and the ass made a remark that has come echoing down the ages as the voice of the animal protesting against the rank injustice of the master man, and now suppose that, not a poor inoffensive thistle-fed donkey from the mountains of Elam, but a big raw-boned lady mule from Missouri, should be imposed upon, rise up and begin to speak, using

the Grand Canyon for a megaphone. The voice would go everywhere; from east to west, and from north to south, echoing round the globe, rattling mid the stars, her protest would bring a tear from Jove and a bucket of red hot coals from the forge of Vulcan. So as to the Grand Canyon, I can give you the outsider's view point only, and in the main I agree with the lady, "It is cute."

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WE BELIEVE in WORKING, not weeping; in BOOSTING and not knocking; and in the pleasure of our work.

WE BELIEVE that Christian Men GET what they go after; that one deed for Christ TODAY, is worth two deeds tomorrow, and that no man is really down and out until he has lost faith in God and in himself.

WE BELIEVE in TODAY, and the work we are DOING; in tomorrow and the work we HOPE to do, and in the sure REWARD the future holds for "CHRISTIAN MEN."

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WE BELIEVE there is SOMETHING DOING everywhere in the church of Jesus Christ TODAY for EVERY MAN ready to do it.

WE BELIEVE we are ready RIGHT NOW.

GET BUSY

Who Wrote This ? ? ?
Or did it just grow?

E. E. Elliott
Watered it and
Trimmed it some

The Bible School Lessons

For September

PREPARED BY P. H. WELSHIMER

LESSON X.—SEPTEMBER 5.

PAUL'S THIRD MISSIONARY JOURNEY: FAREWELLS.—ACTS 20:17-38.

(Commit Verses 31, 32.—Read Acts 20:1-38.)

American Revision.*

17. And from Miletus he sent to Ephesus, and called to him the elders of the church.
18. And when they were come to him, he said unto them, Ye yourselves know, from the first day that I set foot in Asia, after what manner I was with you all the time.
19. Serving the Lord with all lowliness of mind, and with tears, and with trials which befell me by the plots of the Jews;
20. How I shrank not from declaring unto you anything that was profitable, and teaching you publicly, and from house to house,
21. Testifying both to Jews and to Greeks repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ.
22. And now, behold, I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there;
23. Save that the Holy Spirit testifieth unto me in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me.
24. But I hold not my life of any account as dear to myself, so that I may accomplish my course, and the ministry which I received from the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God.
25. And now, behold, I know that ye all, among whom I went about preaching the kingdom, shall see my face no more.
26. Wherefore I testify unto you this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men.
27. For I shrank not from declaring unto you the whole counsel of God.
28. Take heed unto yourselves, and to all the flock, in which the Holy Spirit hath made you bishops, to feed the church of the Lord which he purchased with his own blood.
29. I know that after my departing grievous wolves shall enter in among you, not sparing the flock;
30. And from among your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things, to draw away the disciples after them.
31. Wherefore watch ye, remembering that by the space of three years I ceased not to admonish every one night and day with tears.
32. And now I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build *you* up, and to give *you* the inheritance among all them that are sanctified.
33. I coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel.
34. Ye yourselves know that these hands ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me.
35. In all things I give you an example, that so laboring ye ought to help the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, that he himself said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.
36. And when he had thus spoken, he kneeled down and prayed with them all.
37. And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck and kissed him,
38. Sorrowing most of all for the word which he had spoken, that they should behold his face no more. And they brought him on his way unto the ship.

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Time—A. D. 58. Place—Miletus, thirty miles south of Ephesus.

Introduction. Paul is on his way to Jerusalem. The ship having anchored at Miletus, he arranged for a meeting of the elders of the Ephesian church. Our lesson tells of that meeting.

Explanatory. Verse 17—This was an important meeting. It furnishes a picture of love and good fellowship. We behold elders of the church going thirty miles to converse with a former pastor and evangelist. 18-21—Paul's life had been an open book to the Ephesians. His sufferings and tears were known to that church. They knew also that Paul had not been a time-server. He spake the things that were necessary for their edification. He not only preached in the pulpit, but was a true pastor, doing his work from house to house. He preached repentance toward God and faith toward Jesus Christ. 22-23—He is compelled to go to Jerusalem, not knowing the afflictions that await him there, except the Holy Spirit hath told him that bonds and afflictions are before him. 24—But bonds and affliction could not move him nor deter him from his purpose. There were some things to him dearer than life;

one was to finish his course with joy. To Paul, life meant an opportunity for service. He said, "To live is Christ, to die is gain." Here is the highest type of an unselfish life. 25-27—He never expected to return. Having preached the whole Gospel, he had done his duty. If they refused to be faithful, he was not to blame and was pure from their blood. 28—Before an elder can oversee a congregation, he must first look to his own life, for he is an example. To be an elder is to assume great responsibility. 29—The wolf is an enemy of the sheep; they came. Read First Timothy 1:20; Second Timothy 1:15 and 2:17; Third John 9:9. 30—Another danger lay in the fact that from among their own would arise men who would speak perverse things, drawing away disciples after them. 31—Because of the dangers, be watchful. The Jews counted a fraction of a year a whole year. 32—Paul believed in a personal God. Unto him he commended his brethren. All we will have of heaven will be inherited, and becoming a Christian, we become an heir of God, and if an heir, we shall inherit. 33-35—Paul had earned his bread by the sweat of his face. He had given dignity to labor. His life had been a splendid example to that people. The next three verses give us a picture of the parting. Kneeling, Paul prayed with them all; weeping, they fell on Paul's neck and kissed him, sorrowing most because they should see his face no more, and they accompanied him unto the ship.

Thoughts Worth While

Name the ups and downs in Paul's Ephesian pastorate. What lessons does Paul furnish us for the pastorate of today? How can love today be increased between the minister of the church and the elders? What is the advantage of house to house teaching, and is there enough of it done today? How can we secure more of it? Paul furnishes us an example of a man who followed duty's path though it led to the jaws of death. The man who blesses the world is the man who thinks not of self. It is easy to be brave in times of peace, but the truly courageous man is he who turns not back, when the hour arrives, to open the purple Testament of war. Only a man who has done his whole duty can say, "I am pure from the blood of all men." Will the declaring of all the counsel of God give us long or short pastorates today? The greatest enemy of the church is the internal foe. Paul lived the strenuous life; he warned them night and day with tears His earnestness was eloquence. He teaches that Christian service is found in Christian labor. Many a man thinks he serves God only when he passes the communion tray or takes up the offering in church. Paul teaches that men laboring should consecrate a part of their earnings to God by using it in doing good.

Lesson XI.—September 12.

CLOSE OF PAUL'S THIRD MISSIONARY JOURNEY.—Acts 21:1-17.

(Commit Verses 13, 14.—Reread Acts 20:17-28.)

American Revision.*

1. And when it came to pass that we were parted from them and had set sail, we came with a straight course unto Cos, and the next day unto Rhodes, and from thence unto Patara:

2. And having found a ship crossing over unto Phœnicia, we went aboard, and set sail.

3. And when we had come in sight of Cyprus, leaving it on the left hand, we sailed unto Syria, and landed at Tyre; for there the ship was to unlade her burden.

4. And having found the disciples, we tarried there seven days: and these said to Paul through the Spirit, that he should not set foot in Jerusalem.

5. And when it came to pass that we had accomplished the days, we departed and went on our journey; and they all, with wives and children, brought us on our way till we were out of the city; and kneeling down on the beach, we prayed, and bade each other farewell;

6. And we went on board the ship, but they returned home again.

7. And when we had finished the voyage from Tyre, we arrived at Ptolemais; and we saluted the brethren, and abode with them one day.

8. And on the morrow we departed, and came unto Cæsarea: and entering into the house of Philip the evangelist, who was one of the seven, we abode with him.

9. Now this man had four virgin daughters, who prophesied.

10. And as we tarried there some days, there came down from Judæa a certain prophet, named Agabus.

11. And coming to us, and taking Paul's girdle, he bound his own feet and hands, and said, Thus saith the Holy Spirit, So shall the Jews at Jerusalem bind the man that owneth this girdle, and shall deliver him into the hands of the Gentiles.

12. And when we heard these things, both we and they of that place besought him not to go up to Jerusalem.

13. Then Paul answered, What do ye, weeping and breaking my heart? for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die

at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus.

14. And when he would not be persuaded, we ceased, saying, The will of the Lord be done.

15. And after these days we took up our baggage and went up to Jerusalem.

16. And there went with us also *certain* of the disciples from Cæsarea, bringing *with them* one Mnason of Cyprus, an early disciple, with whom we should lodge.

17. And when we were come to Jerusalem, the brethren received us gladly.

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Time—A. D. 58. Place—Sea voyage from Miletus to Cæsarea, and by land from Cæsarea to Jerusalem. Persons—Paul and his travelling companions, Philip, Mnason and Agabus.

Introduction. The farewell has been said at Miletus. Paul and his companions are now on board vessel on the waters of the Mediterranean.

Explanatory. 1-3.—Cos is a beautiful island in the Mediterranean. Rhodes is 50 miles southeast of Cos. Patara is a seaport of Lysia opposite Rhodes. Here was the famous oracle of Apollo. Phœnicia is a narrow country lying north of Palestine. Tyre is a city of Phœnicia. Cyprus is an island in the eastern end of the Mediterranean. Phœnicia was a port of Syria. 4-6—Seven days were spent in Tyre with the disciples of that city. It is not difficult to imagine the happy conference Paul and the disciples had during that week. Here is another tender farewell. At all leave-takings they knelt in prayer and then returned home again. Who has not gone to the train or to the ship with a friend and seen him take his departure and then return home again? Only he who has, can enter into the feelings of these brethren at Tyre. 7-11—Ptolemais lay between Tyre and Cæsarea. It received its names from one of the Ptolemies of Egypt. He thus sought to perpetuate his memory. Cæsarea, 60 miles from Jerusalem, was the Roman capital of Palestine, named for Cæsar. Philip, the evangelist, is the same Philip who was deacon in Jerusalem and preached in Samaria. He had four unmarried daughters who prophesied. Agabus was a prophet who prophesied concerning Paul's arrest. 12-13—Paul's travelling companions and his friends in Cæsarea besought him not to go up to Jerusalem. 14-17—From Cæsarea to Jerusalem it is about 60 miles. This journey was probably travelled on foot.

Thoughts Worth While

In Tyre Paul found the disciples. A man will always find that in which he is interested. The Christian's stamp can be told on arriving in a new community, by the length of time which intervenes between his arrival and his finding the brethren. In nearly every community can be found church members who have lived there for years who have not become identified with a church and have never let it become known that they have been members of a church. When you pass through a city and tarry for a day or two do you attend the mid-week prayer service or meet with the brethren at any of the services? In Tyre the wives and children, with the men, accompanied the party to the ship. What an impression this meeting must have made upon the children. If we want a strong church tomorrow, we must begin to train the children of today. Many of the best workers in the church received their inspiration and their impetus for work from great men who came into their community. Nothing effects life so much as life. Bring the children to behold the men who do things. Let them catch a vision and their future is safe. What a place prayer had in the life of Paul. In everything he prayed. The church of today needs more than ever to learn the lesson of prayer. How few attend the prayer meetings! Do you pray daily? When a hard task is before you, do you ask God's help? When success attends you, do you thank God for it? What a happy meeting must have taken place in Philip's house. It was a meeting of kindred spirits. It is easy to infer the nature of the conversation among these brethren. Philip's experiences had been unusual, and into his home came this great missionary to make glowing reports of the power of the Gospel. The daughters of Philip were an honor to their father. If you want good sons and daughters, set the example and let the teaching begin at home. "As a man soweth, so shall he reap." Courageous Paul was kind-hearted. He was moved with the pleadings and weeping of the brethren, but notwithstanding his feelings, duty's path led him to Jerusalem.

LESSON XII.—SEPTEMBER 19.

THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.

THE GOLDEN TEXTS.

1. Come over into Macedonia and help us.—*Acts 16:9.*
2. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.—*Acts 16:31.*
3. Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee.—*Psa. 119:11.*
4. God is Spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. —*John 4:24.*
5. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.—*John 16:33.*
6. See that none render evil for evil unto any man; but ever follow that which is good.—*1 Thess. 5:15.*
7. The name of the Lord Jesus was magnified.—*Acts 19:17.*
8. He said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness.—*2 Cor. 12:9.*
9. And now abideth Faith, Hope, Love, these three; but the greatest of these is Love.—*1 Cor. 13:13.*
10. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.—*Phil. 4:13.*
11. The will of the Lord be done.—*Acts 21:14.*

Introduction. We have followed Paul from Asia Minor to Macedonia and Greece, from Miletus to Cæsarea, thence to Jerusalem.

Lesson 1. "Antioch to Philippi," Acts 16:6-15. Events: The Macedonian call and the conversion of Lydia and her household.

Lesson 2. "The Philippian Jailer," Acts 16:25-40. Events: The imprisonment of Paul and the conversion of the jailer.

Lesson 3. "Thessalonica and Berea," Acts 17:1-15. Events: Power of the Gospel in Thessalonica; preachers driven from the city; eagerness of the Bereans to know the truth, and leaving the city.

Lesson 4. "Paul at Athens," Acts 17:22-24. Events: The waiting; the preaching; the converts, and the departure.

Lesson 5. "Paul at Corinth," Acts 18:1-11. Events: Coming of Timothy and Silas; writing to the Thessalonians; at the home of Aquila and Priscilla; holding services in the house of Justus, and making converts.

Lesson 6. "Paul's instructions to the Thessalonians," 1 Thess. 5:12-24.

Lesson 7. "Paul at Ephesus," Acts 19:8-20. Events: Correcting the mistakes of Apollos; teaching in the school of Tyrannus; the miracles; the converts; burning of books and making confessions.

Lesson 8. "The Riot in Ephesus," Acts 19:23-30; 35-41. Events: Demetrius, the silversmith, put out of business; the mob aroused; speech of the town clerk.

Lesson 9. "Paul on Christian Love," 1 Cor. 13:1-13. In this we behold the greatness, the power and character of love.

Lesson 10. "The Farewells," Acts 20:17-35. Events: Saying good-bye at Miletus to the Ephesian elders; Paul's admonition.

Lesson 11. "Close of Paul's Third Missionary Journey," Acts 21:1-17. Events: The various landings; seven days in Cæsarea, and journey to Jerusalem.

Thoughts From The Lessons

There was an opportunity for Paul at Philippi, but he had to find it. God opened the door; Paul had to walk through. Lydia was won with the simple presentation of the Gospel. Her obedience was full and complete, and as such is an example to men today. Lydia and the jailer accepted the Gospel because they were confronted by a man who was about the Father's business. Have you improved all the opportunities presented to you to lead men to Christ? The majority of men and churches are only playing at the work of soul-saving. The results in a large measure are proportionate to the efforts put forth.

Some of the Thessalonians travelled many miles to hinder Paul in his work. They probably would not have walked one mile to save a man. The Bereans manifested a good spirit. Like them we should search the Scriptures daily.

At Athens while Paul waited he also observed. Athens never had a greater student or a man who was a closer observer than Paul. When the opportunity came he did not mince his words or withhold the truth, but as a stranger in a strange land he preached with power. Paul was not afraid of the difficult tasks. Many a man fails today because he is unwilling to attempt the hard things.

Corinth was the most defiled of all the cities of that day. Paul plunged into the work, preaching the Gospel and winning men to Christ. Here it is he forms the friendship of Aquila and Priscilla. He labored with his own hands.

In a letter to the Thessalonians. Paul gives practical suggestions for every day life.

Aquila and Priscilla saved the church at Ephesus. They had sat at Paul's feet in their Corinthian home. From him they had learned the Gospel, and when a young minister came and preached contrary to the Word, they instructed him more perfectly in the ways of the Lord. Many a church in these last days has been saved by having brethren and sisters who could not be led astray by false doctrines. Every community and every church, practically, owes its life to the level head and good sense of some good men or woman.

The town clerk at Ephesus was a sane man and quelled the mob and sent the people home.

The thirteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians is known as the love chapter. No greater chapter was ever written by an apostle.

Paul's farewells were filled with sorrow. He knew not his future. The brethren loved him and made great lamentation when the hour came to say good-bye. All this made it more difficult for Paul to go, but his face was set toward duty's way.

LESSON XIII.—SEPTEMBER 26.

ABSTINENCE FOR THE SAKE OF OTHERS.—1 COR. 10:23-33.

(A Temperance Lesson.)

(Commit Verses 31-33.—Read 1 Cor. 8:1-12; 9:14-27; 10:1-22.)

American Revision.*

23. All things are lawful; but not all things are expedient. All things are lawful: but not all things edify.

24. Let no man seek his own, but *each* his neighbor's *good.*

25. Whosoever is sold in the shambles, eat, asking no question for conscience sake;

26. For the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof.

27. If one of them that believe not biddeth you *to a feast,* and ye are disposed to go; whatsoever is set before you, eat, asking no question for conscience sake.

28. But if any man say unto you, This hath been offered in sacrifice, eat not, for his sake, that showed it, and for conscience sake:

29. Conscience, I say, not thine own, but the other's; for why is my liberty judged by another conscience?

30. If I partake with thankfulness, why am I evil spoken of for that for which I give thanks?

31. Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.

32. Give no occasion of stumbling, either to Jews, or to Greeks, or to the church of God:

33. Even as I also please all men in all things, not seeking mine own profit, but the *profit* of the many, that they may be saved.

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Time: A. D. 57. Written to the Corinthian Church by Paul.

Explanatory. Paul had spent nearly two years in Corinth and knew the conditions of that lawless, luxurious city. A letter had also been received by him from one of the members of the Corinthian church, which set before him several problems, and made mention of evils in the church at that place. The question at issue in this lesson is that of eating meat offered to idols. When the heathen offered animals as sacrifices, a part was burned on the altar, another part given to the priests, and the remainder, if good for food, was either taken home or sold in the market. The Christians bought meat in the market, and also were at times invited to the homes of heathen friends with whom they feasted, and in either instance meat offered to idols might be used. The question arising in Corinth was: "Is it right for a Christian to eat meat offered to idols?" Some said, "No," others said "Yes." One affirmed a Christian should be entirely separated from the heathen life; the other said, inasmuch as idols are nothing, it makes no difference if meat has been offered to them. Paul said a thing might be lawful and yet not be expedient. There might not be any sin in partaking of the meat thus offered, but at the same time the example might be

misleading. No man liveth unto himself. It is not a question of "Have I the liberty to do this or that," but "Is it the best for me and for the other fellows?" This is the high ground. All good things are from God and should be received with thankfulness, but in partaking of His good things be careful not to injure a neighbor.

"The glory of God is to be the end of all our actions." We are to keep the church of God constantly before us and live such lives that our conversation will bring no slander upon it. "What kind of a church would our church be if every member were just like me?" When we have a burning desire to save souls the question of expediency will easily be adjusted. This is a lesson of service. "He that will be greatest, let him be your servant."

Thoughts Worth While

Following the spirit of Paul's teaching in this chapter, the drink problem would be easily solved and alcoholic liquors would be banished from the earth. One-fifth of the boys of America have their prospects ruined by strong drink. If a man would come into any city in this country and offer a specified sum of money for the privilege of kidnaping one-fifth of the boys of the city, the entire population would cry out as one man against him. But when a man comes with a handful of gold and offers it for the privilege of running a saloon, which must be supported by the boys of the community, many people say: "Yes, we need the money." A kidnaped boy is a lost boy, and a rum-soaked boy is a lost boy. In either case he is lost. It matters not whether it be by the hand of a kidnaper or that of the saloon keeper. With the prophet we can say, "Israel doth not know; my people do not consider." Authorities tell us that from 60% to 80% of the inmates of the insane asylums can charge their insanity, either directly or indirectly, to king alcohol. Ruined business, broken homes, untimely graves, widows and orphan children, murderers, the maimed, prison cells, dethroned reason, the hungry and the naked are the fruits of the liquor business.

Things that make for victory.—Teaching temperance in the public schools and the Bible School; the demand made by many railroad companies and leading business concerns that a man must abstain from alcoholic liquors; the agitation from pulpit and press; W. C. T. U., and signing of temperance pledges are forces that will lead to victory.

What can I do?—I can abstain from the use of it. I can pray and teach, and cast my ballot for the right.

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